

THE AMERICAN AWEEKLY

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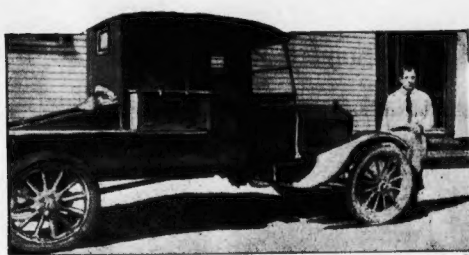


Cupids by Henry Clive
Verses by Carolyn Wells

No. 1=Dutch

Katinka is fair as the moon,
But she ate little dinner this noon;
For she made her excuse,
"I must start to reduce,
Or I'll look like a painted balloon!"

Newest Perilous Adventures of Maine's Hero Doctor



The Doctor's Summer Rig. In Winter It Becomes a Snowmobile, Equipped in Front With Runners. It Was This Car That Brought the Doctor to Grief on the Frozen Lake Into Which He Drenched Himself to Recover His Bag of Instruments.

If his neighbors hadn't talked about the exciting episode, Dr. Fred J. Pritham, the best beloved citizen of the big woods country in the vicinity of Maine's Moosehead Lake, might never have mentioned the latest of a long string of heroic acts he has performed to be of service to his far-flung list of patients.

The call which led to this adventure came to the doctor's home in Greenville while he was eating his supper after a busy day that had taken him many miles through the snow and cold. It was from the home of one Albert Gaudette, 20 miles away, and it told the physician that his services as an assistant to the stock were needed, and right away.

Hastily bolting the rest of his evening meal, while he tossed the necessary instruments and medicines into a leather bag, the doctor was soon at the wheel of his automobile—a small truck with six instead of wheels attached to the front axles so that he could make better time over the snow-packed roads—and on his way up the little traveled logging road to Lily Bay, 12 miles from his home.

At Lily Bay, Pritham decided to save precious time by taking a short cut to the Gaudette place by driving straight across the frozen surface of Moosehead Lake instead of following the road along the shore. So he turned his machine on to the lake for the eight-mile stretch to the little town of Rockwood, his destination.

For a time he slid along at good speed despite the blanket of darkness that covered the lake and the fact that he had to plot his own course to the far shore. Then, suddenly, the machine ran into a spot where the ice was thin. Its nose plunged down and the doctor was catapulted into the icy water, seven feet deep.

The Doctor Had Driven On to the Frozen Lake and Started Across On the Eight-Mile Journey to Rockwood. Only a Short Distance Beyond Deer Island, His Vehicle Broke Through the Ice and the Doctor Was Compelled Into the Water. He Actually Swam Under the Water to Recover the Bag Which Contained His Instruments—Then He Started On Foot, Over the Ice, for His Destination.

When he came to the surface his first thought was of his bag of instruments, without which he might be unable to do much for the patient to whom he was rushing, as he had rushed to many such calls during his 20 years of service to the people of Northern Maine. There was only one thing to do, and he did it—he swam down, grasped the body of the shipwrecked truck and fished around until he found the bag on the seat. Then he came to the surface and, after considerable effort in the cold and darkness, pulled himself and his bag to the firm ice, and started off on foot.



One of the Isolated North Country Camps Where "Doc" Pritham Is Looked Upon as the Best and Bravest Physician Alive.

Long before he arrived at the Gaudette home—at two o'clock in the morning—his clothes were frozen stiff, but he didn't have time to worry about that. There was work to be done and quickly. With the help of the stork "Doc" Pritham presented the Gaudettes with a fine pair of twins as ever saw the light of day in that isolated section of New England.

He explained in his modest way why he was hours later than he expected to be, because he wanted his patient to know that he hadn't been lax in his duty, but he saw nothing heroic in the situation. Such mishaps might happen to anyone in the North Country.

The Gaudettes urged the doctor to take something hot and go to bed for awhile, but he wouldn't consent to any such pampering, despite the fact that he is nearing sixty. Besides he didn't have time because he had an operation to

perform at the Dean Memorial Hospital, in Greenville, at 11 o'clock that morning, and dawn had already broken. He'd borrow a suit of Mr. Gaudette's underwear and some dry outer garments and be on his way, because it was 20 miles back to Greenville and he'd have to walk back across the lake that had swallowed up his automobile.

"Doc" Pritham was at the hospital on time, and the operation was successful. No one suspected that the surgeon hadn't slept all night and that he had been through an experience that would put the average man in the hospital, as a patient.

Many similar adventures have made this physician of the woods-and-lake country something of a living legend. Some years ago his motor boat was captured by a heavy sea when he was rushing to a patient suffering from appendicitis. He grabbed the oldskin bag containing his instruments, tied it around his neck and swam a mile to shore and his job, which he performed successfully.

Once, in the dead of winter, he saved a patient by traveling 100 miles on horseback in 24 hours, with the thermometer down to 15 degrees below zero. He used three horses to make the difficult journey.

Dr. Pritham Leaving His Home to Attend a Sick Lumberjack in a Logging Camp Miles from the Traveled Highways.



Miss Rosa Flansch, 19, the 1933 Beauty Chosen by the Artists and Citizens Committee of Vienna, to Reign as the City's Beauty Queen for the Season.

APRIL - 1933

Vienna—Where They Just Must Pick an Annual Beauty

NO matter how hard depression hits this once flourishing metropolis, there are two things the Viennese must have—music in the Strauss manner and beauty contests. For a century and more Vienna has been jealous of its name, "the City of Beautiful Women," and it has no intention of losing this delightful distinction. That's why, come prosperity, or come economic slump, one or more pageants of beauty are staged in the community every year.

A few weeks ago the yearly contest to find and pay tribute to the fairest feminine resident was held—and the result was more than ordinarily satisfying to the judges and the spectators because, this season, they bestowed the crown on one of their own. Last year the crown was, somewhat reluctantly, placed on the blonde head of an English girl.

The new queen is shown in the photograph above. Her name is Rosa Flansch and she is that special type of golden blonde that the folks who live along the banks of the Blue Danube admire most. The judges waxed highly enthusiastic when they made the award that preceded the coronation ceremonies, having a great deal to say about the size, shape and color of her gray-blue eyes, the perfect nose that

separated these "windows of the soul" and the delicately formed mouth that was just right for her oval face.

Vienna will match this beauty against all the good-looking girls of Europe, and the rest of the world. And if there is an international contest this year to pick a "Miss Universe," Rosa will be there, with a couple of maids and several trunks full of bathing suits, sports outfits and evening gowns, to exhibit her charms among the comeliest of the frauleins, señoritas, mademoiselles and just plain misses that are sent from all over everywhere when a world-wide beauty contest are held. The Viennese can't imagine where a more perfect face and figure could be found.

The Mad Squire Who Spent His Life On Weird Houses

ENGLAND, like every other country, has had eccentric citizens who "go in for the designing and constructing of strange buildings. But none of these whimsical individuals has quite matched the architectural antics of "Mad Jack" Fuller, a millionaire who recently died in the little village of Brighton, Sussex.

The body of the queer squire rests, by his own command, in a tomb which is a small model of the pyramids the kings of ancient Egypt caused to be built for their remains. This burial vault was completed long before "Mad Jack" came to the end of his days, while he was still a young and physically healthy man, in fact.

Fashioned of heavy slabs of stone, it was elaborately decorated inside with curious designs in mosaic and with many inscriptions culled from the writings of the man's favorite authors.

In the center of the edifice is a solid shrine-like block of stone on which rests the casket of the deceased. The heavy door of the tomb was

locked with a massive and curiously made key, which was destroyed immediately after the eccentric squire's burial.

Stranger than the true story of this tomb, however, are the facts concerning another and larger pyramid which Fuller had built several years before

he died. He called this, for some obscure reason, "The Sugar Loaf House," and it was his intention to carry out a fantastic and inhuman experiment which the county authorities prevented him from doing.

Mr. Fuller had it in his head to con-

"Mad Jack" Fuller, the Brighton, Sussex County, England, Millionaire, Whose Eccentricities Recently Came to an End With His Death.



fine a human being in this murky prison of stone for seven years, during which long period the inmate was not to do any of the things that modern men do, except eat. He was not to read, or talk to anyone. He was not to be allowed to bathe or to have his hair cut. His job was to live in close confinement and in darkness, except when food was passed in to him through a small and heavily boarded window, with nothing except his own thoughts and imaginings for company.

Just what the millionaire thought he was going to prove, or disprove, by this experiment he never explained. He referred to the projected stunt merely as "an experiment in human nature" and, in reply to advertisements for someone to play the part of the subject, he got offers from several men who were willing to give up seven years of their lives in solitary confinement on the promise of Fuller that he would provide for their families during that time and bestow a handsome endowment on whoever was selected so that he could spend the rest of his days in comfort.

The authorities stepped in at the crucial moment and cited some old law making it a crime and a misdemeanor fully undermine the health and the reason of another human being.

"Mad Jack" seems to have had a weakness for building fashioned in the shape of pyramids, for he put up his version of a famous Cleopatra's Needle, the original of which is set up in New York's Central Park, and several other such buildings, one of which was what he called his "Conference House." It was here that he liked to shut, in his wild way, with his tenant farmers who obeyed his summons, although they were more than a little afraid of him. On top of this building he had a spiral aqueduct put a tower and a powerful apparatus through which his henchmen could keep an eye on their farms and their docks, while his guests.



The Vault Which Fuller Built for Himself When Still a Young Man. It Is Gorgeously Decorated on the Interior, in the Manner of the Ancient Egyptian Tombs.

"Sugar-Loaf House" Which "Mad Jack" Fuller Built to Make an Experiment. He Wanted to Impersonate a Man Within the Curious Building for Seven Years to Study a Possible Reversion to the Primitive. But the County Authorities Put an End to This Crazy Scheme.

Bride Forgot to Mention She Was Already Married

So Wealthy Mr. Williams Says, and When the News Leaked Out He Kept On Living With Her and Now Brings His Tangled Romance to Court to Find Out Whether He Is Married or Not



Mrs. Williams, Whose Matrimonial Status Her Husband Asks the Court to Settle—Is She His Wife or Isn't She?

HAROLD PINCKNEY WILLIAMS, descendant of a long line of prominent New York churchmen, astonished the divorce courts of Bridgeport, Connecticut, by presenting a marriage tangle which seems to be without precedent in all history.

Many a man, like the late George J. Gould, has promoted his mistress to the rank of wife, sometimes with happy results, sometimes not.

Apparently Mr. Williams, wealthy sales manager of a big corporation, is the first man who ever reversed that process, demoting his wife to the dubious position of mistress and still continuing to live with her. Perhaps he is the first man who ever had both the opportunity and the audacity to try such a thing. He got away with it, too, because it is not Mrs. Williams, the demoted wife, who is in court complaining, but Mr. Williams who wants the courts to say that he never was his wife but if they won't say that, to give him a divorce, so he can say, "good-bye" in any case.

Mr. Williams told the court that the trouble was caused in 1913 when Genevieve Adelle Dixon, granddaughter of Hiram Dixon, one of the founders of the Adams Express fortune, neglected to tell him that she was married to another man, when he led her to the altar. He says that she casually introduced little Genevieve Ryan, an attractive nine-year-old girl, as "an orphan cousin" who was being brought up by his wife's sister in Scarsdale, New York.

He thought it nothing strange that his wife showed a beautiful motherly affection for the "orphan" and made no objection a few years later when young Genevieve came to live with them as one of the family. This was in 1919 and the orphan had grown to be quite a big girl. Mr. Williams was much taken with her and not surprised to find in the "cousin" many of the same charming traits which had attracted him to the elder Genevieve.

Mr. Williams testified that the two became "so chummy" that she thought it advisable only a year later to send Miss Ryan away to Georgetown, an exclusive convent school in New Jersey. However, the "poor little orphan" was sent home for vacations and it was on one of these, during the Summer of 1921, when Williams says she "spilled the beans."

It was a warm Summer afternoon and Williams, sitting on the broad lawn of his Vermont Summer home, near Rutland, was enjoying a pitcher of cold lemonade. He and his wife had lived happily married for eight years. He loved, respected her and had no doubt that nothing but death could upset that

Mr. Harold Pinckney Williams Who Has Laid Before the Connecticut Courts a Legal Puzzle Which Seems to Be Without a Precedent.



The Home of Mr. Williams in West Hartford, Connecticut, Where He Took Refuge After Finally Leaving His Wife-Mistress.

happiness. Then came little "orphan Genevieve," with a bombshell which blew all that serenity to smithereens. "Uncle Hal," she said coyly, sitting up to him, "there's something you ought to know. I am not an orphan cousin. Aunt Genevieve is my mother."

Other women have married bigamously and not told their second mates of their husband. They have even passed off their own children as someone's else. It was Mr. Williams himself who took this plot and carried it to unprecedented heights of novelty. His first steps, however, were quite natural and obvious. He confronted his wife with the news and she admitted that in 1903 she married John J. Ryan, a handsome unassuming man who had become a contractor in Brooklyn. She had lived with Ryan just three years during which two children had been born but only Genevieve had survived. One day she had caught handsome John in the cook's bedroom, under such compromising conditions that she left home, taking Baby Genevieve with her. In 1908, she says she signed some papers, prepared by her husband's lawyer and, she understood, all that was necessary for a divorce which he was to attend to at Ithaca, N. Y. Mrs. Williams seems to be rather a careless soul because she kept no copy of those papers and only remembers that they gave her custody of the child. Being an heiress she did not bother about alimony.

If this is true, Ryan must have been another careless soul and no doubt he was. Most contractors, when they build a house, forget to thoroughly finish it and this one forgot to finish that divorce. Williams says that the discovery of his wife's alleged deception, that he was not the first man in her life, that all the little, delightful first loves, killed much of his respect for his wife. Under such circumstances, he did the natural thing, leaving home while he considered what to do about it. Then fate took a hand causing Williams to begin the new complication.

Business called him to Miami, where he was widely known as a big business man with blameless reputation. But it was misadventure and the heat or something made him very sick. Mrs. Williams heard of it, she hastened to his bedside. There he was—weak, sick and in need of a wife's tender care—the hotel knew Mr. Williams well and when she registered as his wife, ushered her into the sick man's apartment without question. This pleased him as a previous lover. Mrs. Williams had of it, she tender care—the hotel knew Mr. Williams well and when she registered as his wife, ushered her into the sick man's apartment without question. This pleased him as a previous lover.

Was the sick man to reveal the situation, humiliate her by throwing her out and scandalize all his prominent business friends? He took the easiest way and let things slide. She nursed him back to health and then it seemed only natural to return to her in their home at Newark, New Jersey, where they continued to live as man and wife to all the outside world.

It was now the turn of Ryan, the procuress, to bring on the heat and crowning complication by dying at just the right or rather wrong time. Had he done this before the discovery or immediately afterward, Williams would doubtless have either quickly and quietly remarried the widow or have terminated the affair definitely and permanently. But by living another year he had caused Williams to get himself into a peculiar fix. He was now certain that he would never have quite the feeling a man should have for his wife, therefore he could not bring himself to make their union legal, yet he had also found that she was a sort of habit and that he still had a certain amount of affection for her.

Wasn't the easiest way just to let things slide again? The world would still not know that she had dropped technically from the title of wife to mistress. Many a man has married his mistress only to find out that they could no longer get along—perhaps things would be happier if they reversed the process. He was an explorer on an unknown sea and the new regulation would not do. The thing lacked the romance of the actual, extra-legal union and also the solid understanding of the conventional one. Therefore, in 1920, Williams took his hat and politely bowed himself out of the picture, or tried to. He foresaw no legal difficulties because that marriage while she was still Ryan's wife was void and he had not had any ceremony since she became his widow.

But the elder Genevieve thought otherwise, and claiming that Williams' living with her as man and wife, after Ryan's death, was asked what effect the discovery that the woman he had thought was not his wife for eight years was in fact married to another, had on his love and affection. He replied:

"I lost all love and affection I ever had for her; I felt myself completely stripped of all feeling and affection for my wife. I considered her as nothing at all."



Mr. Williams Asserted That His Wife Kept Her First Marriage a Secret From Him and Introduced Into Their Home Her Daughter, Genevieve, as Her "Orphan Cousin."

One Day at His Summer Estate Near Rutland, Vermont, the Girl Starled Him by Saying:

"Uncle Hal, there's something you ought to know. I am not an orphan cousin. Aunt Genevieve is my mother." And Then the Domestic Complications Began to Develop.

new introduced which did not fit very well with his contention that all love and affection had vanished after the discovery, as will be seen from the following excerpts, in which he loosely has "leaked."

"DEAREST JEAN: It seems so lonely without you—I'm writing my address at West Palm Beach, and looking forward to the day when we can be together there again next week. Lots of love and affection."

"DEAREST JEAN: Sorry you caught cold. Hope you can fix things up. Wish I were there now enjoying home life with you. Tonight I feel like an old fat bird. Good night, dearest. I am very close to you. Night-night, sweet dreams X X X X (indicates kisses)."

"Affectionately and devotedly yours, 'HAL'."

"MY OWN DARLING: I sure do miss you, precious girl, and long for the time we can be together again. Every minute I am longing for you, dear. It will only be a short time now when the little nest will be ready. Bye-bye, Sweetie, with a big kiss and embrace."

"Your Devoted Hal."

"I would willingly give up my life if necessary to keep you from all harm. Last night your voice over the phone sounded very clear, as if you were in the next room. I wish that you were. Precious darling, you are my very life. After hearing the contents of these and other letters read, Judge Arthur F. Ellis recalled Williams to the stand and asked:

"Do you mean to tell this court that your respect was proof against making your wife your mistress, this wife whom you say you did not love and who was 'nothing at all'?"

inquired the Judge.

"Yes, Your Honor," Williams replied. "And then his case rested."

Since the Connecticut law does not recognize the common-law marriage, Judge Ellis had the choice of recognizing the common-law marriage statute of New Jersey and refusing Williams his freedom, or acting under the Connecticut law and declaring Williams' marriage null and void. He chose the first course, dismissing Williams' annulment plea, which is an outright victory for Mrs. Williams.

Manikin Styles Change—They're Caricatures Now



This Dapper Gentleman Gives Dignity and Atmosphere to a Bond Street Tailoring Shop in London, and Is Quite the Modernist Compared to the Stiff, Wax-like Dummies That Once Stood Outside the Door.



At the Right: Very Matronly, This Lady, in Sumptuous Attire, and Strutting Conspicuously at Prospective Customers, She Is One of the Arresting Models in a Modest Window.

JUST before the turn of the century every up-and-coming clothing store displayed the mode for men and women on dummies that

were all that the name implies. These figures had egg-heads of wood or plaster, on crude bodies usually stiffed with excelsior. The better types of

the dummies of this period had jointed wooden arms that made it possible for window dressers to pose the figures in any of several stiff and inhuman attitudes.

These robots are rapidly passing into extinction along with the once nation-wide tribe of cigar-store Indians, and the few that remain to be seen are always cause for amused chuckles, so grotesquely typical are they of an older and less sophisticated era in American life.

But if the older folks of the '80's and '90's had seen, in their day, the newest thing in clothing store dummies they would not have confined themselves to chuckles—they would have laughed long and lustily. For they did their shopping for suits and dresses before the world was educated to the so-called artistic efforts of the Impressionists, the Expressionists and the Cubists, all of which ultra-modern schools of art have had their influence on many things, including fashion dummies.

Take a look at the four pictures on this page and you will see a quartet of dummies that, to tell the truth, look like nothing human, although they manage to give an impression of possessing smart human attributes. They are, it is explained, examples of new

day commercial caricatures and they are very much "the thing" at the moment in Paris and London.

Two of the clothes horses shown in the photographs are men and two are representatives of the fair sex. The inanimate chap at the extreme left of the page owes his existence to an artist with a sharp leaning toward the Cubistic school. His head, fashioned of metal and wood, is a simple combination of acute angles so arranged that the result is a caricature of a handsome young man of fashion.

The vacant-faced matron beside him is a thing of plaster with a couple of small, round pieces of glass for eyes. Her hair is made of a few curlers and her mouth is a V-shaped depression just below the tip of the slightly raised section of plaster that passes for a nose. In expression and in construction she is a simple type. But she is popular with department store owners, who believe that she has more attraction for prospective customers than the most skillfully made of the dummies that really look like living young women.

The same argument is advanced for the slant-eyed dummy with the sleek hair and long face. She, too, is a study in simplification and caricature.



By Stretching the Imagination, a Customer Manages to Gather the Idea That This Is the Sort of Expression Worn by the Modern Well-Dressed Man.

But she is strikingly human in comparison with the other "young man" on the page. His face is a cut-out of metal and wood, with a couple of notches to suggest a part in the hair and a triangular frame which somehow manages to serve for eyes, nose, ears and chin.



The Designer of This Smart Human Effigy Probably Intended to Lend an Exotic Touch by Endowing Her With Oriental Contenances.

Umbrellas On Spoons for—

FOR many years funny men on the stage and humorists who do their "wise-cracking" in print have added to the gaiety of nations by recommending such dinner-table gadgets as needless soup spoons and ear-guards for folks who have a weakness for corn on the cob. Numerous buffoons have made their audiences guffaw heartily by their descriptions of safety knives for folks who are bourgeoisie enough to eat with their knives, and of needless spoons to prevent the annoying and embarrassing accidents that occur, now and again, in the lives of grapefruit eaters.

It is more than likely that many an inventive mind has shied away from applying his talents to the construction of a squirtless grapefruit spoon because the idea has been made so ridiculous by the jokesters. But Dr. E. L. Hooper, a dentist who fills and pulls the teeth of the good people of Lincoln, Nebraska, is the practical sort of person who knows that many a truth is to be found in jest. He has, in all seriousness, designed and perfected a device which he believes will prove a long-needed boon to the far-



When a Spoonful of Grapefruit Is Lifted to the Lips, the Little Umbrella Folds Up Neatly About the Handle of the Eating Implement.

To the Left—Close-up of the Ingeniously Equipped Grapefruit Spoon With Its Protective Umbrella, Which Effectively Deflects the Juice of an Inexpensively Attacked Breakfast.

flung army of his fellow-men who go in for a bit of grapefruit with their morning toast and coffee. Let the jesters of the stage and the public prints make what they will of his creation. Dr. Hooper declines to

dignify it with any high-sounding and evasive name. He has, by the exercise of his imagination and his mechanical ability, brought forth a grapefruit squirt deflector. And he calls it just that.

It is not difficult to see, by a glance at the pictures of the device, that it is practical even if it is the sort of innovation that induces laughter. The inventor of the squirt deflector is blessed

—Grapefruit Eaters

with a healthy sense of humor and he knows, as well as the next man, that there's bound to be a touch of the umbrella. But the important point is this: the little parasol does keep unpredictable streams of acid liquid from spurted into the eyes.

Except for the tiny umbrella which encircles the handle, the tricky spoon looks like any other spoon. But it has highly individual features which are necessary to operate the umbrella at the right moment and in just the right way.

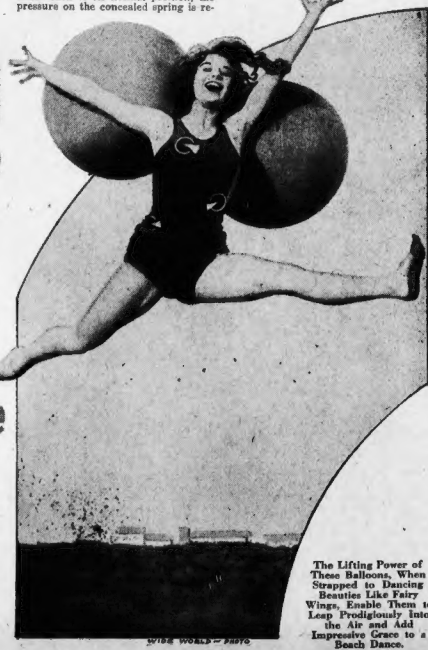
Inside the handle is a coil spring actuated by the business end of the spoon. When the spoon is put into the grapefruit, pressure on the bowl moves it upward, contact is made with the delicate spring, and— presto—the umbrella opens wide to form a protective screen between the juicy fruit and the sensitive eye. Any squirts that develop spend themselves against the under side of the folding parachute.

The instant the diner lifts the spoon from the grapefruit and starts it on the way to his mouth with a load of the delightful and dangerous delicacy (dangerous only because of its high squirtability), the bowl of the spoon slides back to its normal position, the pressure on the concealed spring is re-

lieved and—ditto presto—the parasol folds swiftly and silently back against the handle.

As the inventor of the squirt deflector points out, the mechanism of the device are perfect, for the umbrella is open at the instant of danger and, all by itself, it collapses and gets out of the way when that danger no longer exists. And the user of the implement does not have to remember to operate any catches or push any buttons. All he has to do is eat in the orthodox way.

It may well be that the Hooper automatic grapefruit squirt deflector will never find its way to universal popularity. Very possibly—because the human race takes to new ideas but slowly, being something of a habit-hampered lot—this gift to grapefruit eaters will go into the limbo of ignored inventions where lie such boons to health and happiness as the mechanical hat-tipper and the mustache-guard for beer drinkers. Be that as it may, the grapefruit eaters of the world—if they really want protection from squirts—can get it, thanks to the enterprise and imagination of the Nebraskan who made a joke come true.



The Lifting Power of These Balloons, When Strapped to Dancing Beauties Like Fairy Wings, Enable Them to Leap Predominantly into the Air and Add Impressive Grace to a Search Dance.

Flying Beauties in New Balloon Dance

OF ALL the stunts performed at Long Beach, California, during the recent Neptune carnival held at that popular watering place, the one that afforded the greatest thrill to performers and spectators was the balloon dancing.

With the help of pairs of the gas-filled spheres, a group of bathing beauties was able to trip the light fantastic toe, with greater lightness and more fantasy than dancers ever had before. The balloons were inflated with a gas much lighter than air and they were of sufficient size and buoyancy to lift the dancers much higher off the ground than they could get by the most expert of leaping.

Considerable experimenting was done before the balloons were done before the staging of the beach pageant. With pairs of smaller gas-filled bal-

loons the dancers found that they could not get much higher off the ground than they could without these aids to buoyancy. And balloons of greater volume than those too big to be fastened firmly to the shoulders.

The inspiration for this new and thrilling form of aquatic dancing may have been found in the sport of balloon jumping which was devised a year or two ago in Cleveland, Ohio. In this safe and exciting pastime, balloons much larger than those worn by the girls at Long Beach were employed. Only one balloon was attached to a person, but the bags were sufficiently large for just the right amount of gas to be put in them so that the weight of the jumper exactly offset the lifting power of the balloon.

It is not difficult to see, by a glance at the pictures of the device, that it is practical even if it is the sort of innovation that induces laughter. The inventor of the squirt deflector is blessed

Zoo's "Chimp" Becomes Dog's Nurse

B UDDY, a chimpanzee in New York City's Bronx Zoo, recently contributed his bit to buttress the contention of scientists that the chimpanzee is the most intelligent and man-like of the whole numerous ape family.

When Little Daisy, one of the six-week-old Dingo Dogs born at the Zoo not long ago, was taken to the hospital after being attacked by its vicious mother—who killed and ate Daisy's two sisters—Buddy seemed to feel as bad as any of the keepers.

He soothed Daisy with almost paternal concern, patted her gently with his hairy hands and, as the unusual photograph at the left shows, took the puppy up in his long arms to play nursemaid. Buddy has a friendly feel-

ing for many of the animals in the zoo, but this was the first time that he seemed touched by genuine sympathy.

If the keepers had not acted quickly there would have been no little Daisy for Buddy to comfort, for the cannibalistic mother attacked her family with unexpected suddenness and had made a meal out of Daisy's sisters before the keepers could rescue the helpless pup. She was about ready to have Daisy for dessert when the puppy was rescued and taken to the institution's hospital.

The Dingo is the Australian Wild Dog, and it lives up to its name. Zoo keepers all over the world find it almost impossible to bring up the Dingo in captivity because the female of the species has the instinct of dining on her young soon after they're born.



Buddy, the Bronx, N. Y., Zoo Chimpanzee, Holding the Baby Dingo, or Wild Australian Dog, Which, If It Had Not Been Taken From Its Mother, Might Have Been Eaten.

"Relativity" Explained

The Basis of Prof. Einstein's Discovery Made Plain in Words and Pictures---And Why Two Statements Which Seem to Contradict Each Other May Both Be Perfectly True



If a Gun Were Pointed Straight Up in the Air and a Shot Fired Exactly Perpendicularly So That It Went Up and Came Down, Re-entering the Muzzle of the Gun, the Path of the Shot As Seen by Anyone on the Earth Would Be As Shown in the First Picture. But the Earth Is Traveling in Its Own Orbit and the Shot, Attracted by the Earth's Gravitation, Would Have Traveled With It So That Its Path Would Be Something Like the Curved Line Shown in the Second Picture---If Viewed by Somebody Out in Distant Space. Both Pictures Are Correct But Only Relatively.

WHEN Professor Albert Einstein announced his theory of Relativity a few years ago, he presented a mass of mathematical figures and calculations which, it was said, "not more than a handful of men in all the world could understand." And yet, while the mathematical details are beyond the intelligence of most human beings, it is possible to explain some simple kinds of Relativity in a way that even a school child can understand.

Relativity is an old word which has been used for hundreds of years, and it means that the thing talked about is related to something else. A very simple example would be the question:

"How tall was George Washington?"

The correct answer depends on what period of Washington's life is under consideration. It would be perfectly correct to say:

"He was three feet six inches high and weighed 35 pounds." But it would also be entirely correct to say that he was six feet two inches tall.

While the two answers seem contradictory, they can both be true. To make them correct, the time element comes in. As a boy there was a time when Washington was three feet and a half tall, and at another period of his life he was six feet two inches tall. The matter of Washington's height is relative to his age. This is a simple example of one kind of Relativity.

Position is a question of Relativity. As the reader stands in New York, with his feet on the ground, looking up at the Pole Star, he feels that he, like other people, is standing upright. But people on a ship in about the middle of the Indian Ocean, on the other side of the world, have their feet nearest to us, and if we could see through the Earth, they would appear to be hanging head downwards.

But, on the other hand, from their point of view they are standing on the Earth upright, and if they could see through the Earth we should be hanging head downwards; while, to both of us, people in the southern tip of Africa and in New Zealand would be standing on the Earth at right angles to ourselves.

Following this same idea a little further, a person who walks out in the street in New York on a rainy day has no doubt that the rain falls down. But if the Earth were transparent glass and he could look through to the people on the other side of the earth, the rain would seem to be coming up toward him. Relative to himself, the rain would be falling up, though, the Indian Ocean it would be falling down on a man who, looking through the Earth, might see the rain falling on the New Yorker.

There are examples of kinds of Relativity known long before Prof. Einstein and often called Newtonian Relativity, after Einstein's great mathematical predecessor, Sir Isaac Newton. Another simple example is familiar to everybody who has asked beside a railroad track and seen an express train rush by at 60 miles an hour. Anybody would be likely to say that while he was at rest on a stationary spot, the train was traveling at an enormous speed. But is this true?

Certainly it is true so far as the person standing beside the track is concerned---true in relation to the person and his position, and the train which is whirling by. But suppose that person were sitting in the train and looking out of the window. Suddenly the railroad station flashes past. It has come and gone in a moment, and then, one after another, succeeding each other like the palings of a fence, tele-



Natives in Equatorial Africa Would See This Automobile Speeding from East to West at 60 Miles an Hour. Yet It Is Just As True to Say It Is Moving in the Opposite Direction at a Much Greater Speed---As Explained in the Picture Below.



In the Upper Picture the Automobile's Speed and Direction Are Relative to the Earth's Surface. But If a Person Stood on the Moon and Watched the Car, It Would Be Moving from West to East, At About 940 Miles an Hour. The Reason Is That the Earth At the Equator Is Rushing Around in the Direction of the Lower Arrow At About 1,000 Miles an Hour. While the Automobile Is Traveling in the Direction of the Upper Arrow At 60 Miles an Hour.

graph poles pass before his eyes. Someone might remark:

"What was that station that flashed by?" or "Look how the telegraph poles rush past!"

Is this true? Are the people on the train stationary and the railroad station and telegraph poles, the houses and the fields, all flying past at 60 miles an hour? Certainly it is true, so far as the passengers in the train are concerned; that is, relative to

them, these things are traveling past at a great speed.

But what are the true facts? Is the train traveling rapidly over the ground, or is the ground traveling rapidly under the train? Both statements are true, and one is no more true than the other.

But that is not all. Suppose a person standing on the ground sees two express trains going by at the same speed. Each train is going 60 miles an hour to the person standing beside the track. The telephone poles are whirling by at 60 miles an hour to the people in the trains. But passengers in either train, looking out at the other, would see it motionless, so far as they are concerned; that is, the relative positions of the two trains would not change at all.

But even this is not all. Suppose a person on the moon with a huge telescope was watching these trains. He might see the two trains whirling under him. Or he might see the Earth stationary and the trains whirling around under them. Or he might see both the trains in motion and the Earth in motion---the Earth traveling one way and the trains traveling another. All this is a question of Relativity, as explained in a recent article in The World of Wonder, London.

It depends on the point of view, and not only the point of view in space but the point of view in time. And here comes in another factor in Relativity---the matter of time.

Every now and again, as astronomers watch the heavens, there shines out a suddenly a new star which has never been seen before, and after getting brighter and brighter for a time it gradually fades away and disappears.

A notable example of this occurred on February 21, 1901, when, in the constellation Perseus, a new star was first seen. It appeared about as bright as the Pole Star. It gradually increased in brilliancy, and on February 22 was for a few hours the brightest star in the heavens, with the single exception of Sirius, the Dog Star. Then its brilliancy gradually grew less, till by the end of March it was barely visible to the naked eye.

This sudden appearance of a star, with increasing brightness for a time, followed by a fading away, shows that something tremendous has happened away in space, though the astronomers cannot be sure exactly what it is.

Even the Spot Where You Stand On the Earth and the Rain Falls Down On a Person Standing in New York. And Exactly Underneath Him, On the Other Side of the Earth, the Rain Would Be Falling Down On a Person Standing, Say, in Board a Ship in the Indian Ocean. Yet, Relative to a Person in New York the Rain On the Other Side of the Earth Would Be "Falling Up." So too, if the Person in New York Could Look Through the Earth, People On the "Under Side" Would Be Standing With Their Heads Hanging Down---Relative to the Man in New York.

three millions of years ago, because it is so inconceivably far away that its light took that time to travel to the Earth. Both statements are correct, but neither is true in the absolute sense, apart from its relation to something else.

It is not difficult for the reader to remember many instances where Relativity comes in. Almost everybody has sat in a train and, looking out of the window, has seen another train traveling in the same direction, but not so rapidly, and thus has had the illusion that the other train was going in the opposite direction! And so it was, relative to his train; but as he looks out and notices the telegraph poles and trees beyond, he sees that while it is going in one direction relative to him, it is going in the other direction relative to the stationary things by the side of the line.

On a sunny day we notice that the Sun moves across the heavens from east to west, and it is not surprising that the men of old times used to say that the Sun moved around the Earth. We know now that the Earth moves around the Sun, and that the Sun appears to go across the sky because the Earth itself is turning round on its axis from west to east.

Considering the Solar System alone, it is known that the Earth goes round and round the Sun in an ellipse, coming back each year to the same position. But seen from outer space, the Earth's journey round the Sun is by no means an ellipse. After a year, the Earth's position is really many millions of miles from where it was a year before.

Then again, take bigness. Nothing is large or small absolutely, but only in relation to other things. A fly is small compared with a boy, but a boy is little compared with an elephant, and an elephant is small compared with a great office building; the skyscraper is very tiny compared with Mount Everest. Compared with the Earth, Mount Everest is a mere speck, and the Earth itself would appear as a mere dot on the surface of the Sun.

A thing can only be said to be large or small when it is compared with something else.

The complete Einstein theory of Relativity goes much deeper into the nature of things than these examples of relative size, speed, position, and so on, but the puzzles and apparent contradictions which it presents are of much the same kind.

Finally, a kind of Relativity comes even into moral matters. Goodness and badness are largely relative terms. Both have to be estimated relative to some standard. Killing a dog may be both good and bad; good when it is to put the animal out of pain or, if it is mad, to prevent it from biting people, and bad when the killing is done out of sheer wanton cruelty. Children used to be taught that it was wicked to kill flies; now they are taught that it is good to do so. Formerly flies were regarded as harmless, and to kill them was unnecessary. Now we know that the fly, almost more than any other creature found in our country, spreads disease and causes the death of little children. It is, therefore, good to keep down the number of flies.



In Answer to the Question, "How tall was George Washington?" It Would Be Correct to Say That He Was 3 Feet 6 Inches High, and Also It Would Be True to Answer That He Was 6 Feet 2 Inches Tall. While These Answers Seem Contradictory, Yet They Are True in Relation to the Age of Washington.



To the Children Beside the Fence These Two Express Trains Seem to Be Going 60 Miles an Hour. To the People in Each Train the Other Train Seems to Be Standing Still. While the Children At the Fence Seem to Be Flashing Past. It Is All Relative to the Position of the Person.

One astronomer might say that this new star, which was called Nova Perseus, meaning the New Star of Perseus, occurred in the 20th century, and another astronomer that it occurred more than 1,762 million years ago.

What is the explanation of the apparent contradiction? It is a question of Relativity. Relative to ourselves and the astronomers who were watching on the Earth the sudden breaking out of this star occurred on February 21, 1901; but from the point of view of an imaginary person situated where the star actually was it occurred all

Phones Death Agonies of Her False Lover

MILE FLORE MALLY, one of the darlings of the French stage, had lost her lover. For twenty years—though she was only thirty-six—she had been the darling of a man well known in the Paris theatrical world, and he had thrown her over for a younger woman.

She pleaded with him not to cast her off at a time when she needed his protection and his influence more than she had ever needed them. But he told her he was through with her, that love was an emotion over which he had no control, that he did not love her any more, and that was all there was to it.

Flore brooded. She thought of all the happy times they had had together during their long association. She recalled how she had done so many things to please him and to make him comfortable, how he had never thought of himself but only of his happiness. She searched herself to find the fault in her that had caused her to lose him. She could not understand.

And then she decided it didn't matter, anyhow, for life was not worth living without him. She determined to kill herself.

She chose a time when she knew her former lover



Mile Flore Suspended the Telephone Over Her Bed, Took a Dose of Poison and Then Called Her Former Lover. Into His Horrified Ears She Poured Her Death Agony.

would be in his apartment, and when she knew also that her rival, the new woman he loved, would be there with him. She would not go there to kill herself, she would end her life in her own apartment, but she planned to do so in such a manner that her lover and the other woman would hear her death agonies.

She suspended a cord from the top of her canopied bed and tied at the end of it the French telephone receiver, so that it dangled just above her pillow. The rest of the instrument was on her bedside table and she put a weight on it to keep the connection cut off until she was ready to call her lover's number.

Then she prepared a dose of poison—slow poison, for she had no wish to die quickly. She lay down on her bed, called her lover's number, and he answered the telephone.

"This is Flore," she said, "but wait—don't hang up, as you've done so many times—this is the last time I am ever going to call you."

"I'm glad of that," he said; "I'm glad you've come to your senses."

"I have come to my senses. I know there isn't any enduring more of this. I'm going to kill myself—now."

He went into a panic. He pleaded with her over the telephone not to do it.

"Wait until I come to see you—please!" he implored. "When you get here I shall be dead, so there's no use of your coming," she said calmly.

He called his new girl friend to the telephone and asked her to reason with Flore, but Flore only laughed at her, and when they both rushed to her apartment it was too late to save her.

She died after hours of intense suffering, and the lover who discarded her was so broken up over the tragedy that for many days he was on the point of prostration. Flore Mally left a letter in which she justified herself for her last gesture.

It said:

"Not the first of my sex to do it, I have sacrificed all for love of a man, and have been left to pay the price that trusting women always pay. I am broken-hearted and cannot face life alone now."

"Is there no limit to the cruelty of which men are capable in regard to the women who give them the best years of their lives, their beauty and their charm?"

"Or is it that Nature has made men so that love turns them into wild beasts preying on the women who trust them, and making us pay a terrible price for the folly of loving and trusting?"

"In my own case I had in my youth the chance of a happy marriage to a man who was not brilliant, but at the same time would have surrounded me with all the luxury I wanted."

"I preferred to sacrifice myself on the altar of what I regarded as an ideal love—and this is the end."

"Though my poor broken heart still lives and aches for the man who has ruined my life, I feel that it is but right he should feel some of the agony I am going through, and I have fixed things so that the wire connecting us on the telephone will wait to him amid the luxury and delight of his new affair my death throes, the last and twinges of my poor broken heart."

How a Detective "Hides" The Shadow He Is Used To Watch

BY A PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

A GOOD "shadow" is born, not made. I know that from my experience covering almost ten years with the oldest, largest and best private detective agency there is in the country.

Keeping a person under surveillance without that person discovering it is an art that not everybody can master. If the man does not have the necessary qualities born in him, no amount of experience will make him a capable shadow on every man.

To be successful a man must find the work interesting and like it, must have a cast iron constitution, be as patient as Job and be a better actor than any that ever trod the boards, because he must appear to be under all conditions, something besides what he really is.

He never uses a disguise of any kind. That is for the fiction detectives only. He may be tall or short, fat or lean, white or black—as a matter of fact, one of the finest shadows I ever worked with was a Negro. Most good shadows are of medium height and build, and quick on their feet. They are like anything but a moving picture detective, and don't act that way, either. They dress quietly and in dark clothes, for they must never be conspicuous.

Shadows work singly, in pairs, or, in the case of a criminal or other very important subject, three or more men may be on the job at the same time. They never get in touch with each other except in emergencies.

A shadow begins his work by another detective, or else when he picks up his subject from a description, man, woman or child, in the case may be. A face means nothing to him at first. It is more important to get a glance at the walk, dress and mannerisms of his subject, and then he begins the job of watching without seeming to watch at all. Under no circumstances does the shadow stare at his subject or appear to be interested in him, yet he must check up on every move.

In a crowd the shadow is from five to ten feet behind his man, to the right or left, depending on which way the traffic flows. In a residence section he is from half a block to three-quarters of a block away, usually on the opposite side of the street. In a train or a street car, if the subject is in the rear one, the shadow sits several seats behind him. But when his habits are known from past shadowing—that is, where he gets out and where he is going—the shadow may be sitting unconcernedly two or three seats ahead. It all depends on circumstances, as no two subjects are alike.

My wife and my curious friends often ask me the question, "Don't people ever notice you hanging around a neighborhood?" The answer to this question is, "Sure they do—but my work must be done in such a manner that they do not connect my movements with those of the person being shadowed."

I have found it necessary only twice in seven years to show my credentials—both times at night, to the policeman on the beat.

Who are shadowed, and why? Anyone is liable to be, and can be. Most of our work is commercial in nature, divorce cases are common, and clerks live their private lives. Fathers are anxious to know how their sons and daughters are behaving. Wives and husbands often have money to invest in the stock market, and the question is, "Sure they do—but my work must be done in such a manner that they do not connect my movements with those of the person being shadowed."

Bank presidents want to know the habits of their employees. Partners want to know how their private lives are being conducted, especially when they are away on a trip. Business firms want to know how their confidential clerks live and what their private lives are. Fathers are anxious to know how their sons and daughters are behaving. Wives and husbands often have money to invest in the stock market, and the question is, "Sure they do—but my work must be done in such a manner that they do not connect my movements with those of the person being shadowed."

Losing his man is something that happens to the best of detectives, and just there is where the test of a real shadow comes in—the ability to pick up his subject again by applying the knowledge already gained, plus clever guess-work.

If the subject jumps into a taxicab the shadow must get him immediately, and, if in a congested business

district, he follows on foot. If it is in a residential neighborhood where no taxis are available, the shadow at once calls his office on the phone, reporting the taxi number and company, and the agency sends a man to the taxi stand to wait until the cab has come back and to ask the driver where he took the shadowed person. The shadow with that information picks up his subject again.

If the shadowed person constantly uses taxicabs or an automobile, the shadow must do the same. The procedure is practically the same as on foot, close behind in traffic, a block or so away on the highway.

How long can a person be shadowed? Forever, if the client has the money. I know of a lady who was shadowed a night and day for two years, all over the country and Europe. I myself had the "pleasure" of covering her for eight weeks in Atlantic City. I asked for a vacation after, and the superintendent of the hotel said: "Just back from Atlantic City and he asks for a vacation! Why, your shadow is a vacation, if you only knew it."

I wish I only knew it. The physical strain of this type of work is terrific. I have been in the morning and put my lady in the morning and put her to bed at night.

Sometimes for hours at a time I would have to wait in one spot until she made a move. Usually the agency has to relieve a man frequently, not only to keep the subject from "getting wise," but to keep the shadow from going nuts.

Few people know that the average shadow is a man who has a shadow and knows nothing of the work. He seldom gets a chance to practice. His work is more often in the open than under cover. Few department stores frequently employ private detective agencies to furnish shadows for special jobs.

The police depend more on stool pigeons and "roping." The latter is a system that has to be followed in small towns, where a shadow would be spotted at once. The "roper" is an operative who takes up his residence near the person to be shadowed, gets a job in the same line with him, perhaps, makes his acquaintance, wins his confidence and is never suspected.

Contrary to popular belief, a criminal is not the hardest person to shadow. Frequently he is the easiest. The hardest is a child. A boy of ten or eleven will catch his shadow more frequently than ten criminals. He jumps, runs, darts in and out of places quicker than a wink. He is observant, frequently looks back, and spots a shadow quicker than a grown-up would. And he is very suspicious. Thank heaven, he has the job of shadowing the few and far between.

Next worst is a woman shopping. No man can understand how a woman can endure it. Following a woman through a department store on bargain day is simply unmitigated hades.

A bank clerk short in his accounts may suspect he is being watched, so the system is to put three men to shadowing. He may try to lose No. 1 and may have succeeded, but he will not lose No. 2, and if he has not suspected No. 2, he will never suspect No. 3.

How to shake off a shadow? That is a hard thing to do, and it is very seldom that a shadow is ever shaken off. The house across the street may house a shadow, living there and watching from the windows, or he may live in the same house, hotel or apartment house. He will be the person who is being watched. The shadow may be a "roper," an unsuspected acquaintance holding a regular job.

A person trying to find out if he is being shadowed might catch a train, sit in the last seat in the last car and hop out just as the train pulls out. If he is being shadowed somebody else will hop off, too. Or he might catch an elevator in an office building, ride to the top floor, get off, and stand in another set of elevators or down the stairs to a lower floor, and catch another car. If he is being followed by a shadow, he will not be caught shadowing.

But—if his shadow is clever he will not be caught shadowing. He will drop the trail, taking the chance of picking up his quarry later, or another man will take over his job. On the whole, the best way to avoid being shadowed is to travel constantly in an airplane—and even then there may be another plane in pursuit.

Automobiles Reach Venice as a Last

VENICE, the only important city of the world that has never seen an automobile, at last is open to motor cars. After fifty years of argument, the city has at last a fine bridge for vehicles has been built, and the other day it was open to traffic.

A railroad bridge has served this city of canals since 1841, but whenever there was talk of building another bridge to carry cars or other vehicles into the city there was strong protest. Old Venetians, archeologists and lovers of beauty did not want it, declaring that the charm of Venice rested on the fact that it depended on canals alone for streets and on boats only for transportation. Tourists grumbled, on the other hand, because they had to leave their automobiles on the mainland and enter Venice by train. But tourists were not alone responsible for the new bridge.

Venice has expanded as a seaport since the war. On the other side of the lagoon in which it is built there sprang a new city. The new city, called Mestre, has grown very rapidly. There was no denying the need of a bridge so that quick communication between Venice and Mestre could be by truck, so the opponents of the bridge idea had to give in at last.

The original plan was to build an entirely new bridge over the lagoon, but this was given up in favor of a project to widen the old railroad bridge, branching off from it where necessary. The new bridge, built on the old railway lines, is seventy feet wide and is divided into three parts, one for passenger cars and trucks, and one for bicycles and slower vehicles, and a third for pedestrian traffic.

It is nearly two and a half miles long and rests on 226 brick arches. At night it is brightly lit by "white way" posts like the road which runs from Rome to Ostia.

The new bridge enters Venice near the railroad station and there branches off to the right and rises so as to pass over the Grand Canal, so that all tourists in their motor cars can look down on this historic waterway which is the "Main Street" of Venice. Beyond the overpass there is a specially laid-out square where automobiles may turn, and there is a garage accommodating 5,000 cars for those who have come to stay a while.

The whole of the new system, including the new bridge, the new canal and other minor operations, has been completed in two years at a cost of several million dollars. All of it has been carried out with the greatest possible care not to mar the beauties of Venice. There will be no more filling of the canals or hot air blown down the canals by the "motor alums" that ruin almost every American city.

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Handcuffed By Police 2 Deadly Guns

AFTER he had been searched for weapons and handcuffed by deputies who arrested him for sloping with a sixteen-year-old girl, William Brown, the youthful bridegroom, slipped two runs out of his sleeves and shot two men, one of whom died. Then, when he tried to escape, Brown himself was shot down.

Officers in Normal, Ill., where the all-around shootings occurred, had suspected that young Brown was a bad customer and a hold-up man, but they did not know what a two-gun artist he really was until his father-in-law, Edward J. Maloney, asked them to arrest him. Brown, who is twenty-four and just out of the Navy, had run away with Maloney's daughter Helen, aged sixteen, and they had been married and had lived for two weeks in Chicago.

Helen's father, who runs a grocery store in the town of Normal, went to Chicago to get her and brought her home. Brown followed them to Normal, and when he went to the Maloney home, next door to the store and demanded the right to see his wife, he was told he was not wanted there.

"All right, you'll see me again in the morning," said Brown in a threatening tone.

Maloney immediately went to the sheriff's office, swore



Pulling a Gun From Each Coat Sleeve, the Handcuffed Prisoner Started Blowing Away at His Two Captors, Killing One and Wounding the Other.

out a warrant against Brown charging him with contributing to the delinquency of a minor child, his daughter, and asked the sheriff to have a man at the store to arrest Brown when he returned next day.

The sheriff was entirely willing, for a deputy sheriff from Clinton, Ill., was already in town looking for Brown, with a warrant charging the youth with two hold-ups in Clinton. This officer, Deputy Oscar W. Lane, and a local deputy, Charles E. Adams, went to Maloney's store next morning to wait for their man.

Brown showed up, as he had said he would.

"That the man?" the officers asked Maloney.

"Yes, and you'd better handcuff him," the store owner replied.

Brown, a rather handsome young "sheli" of the modern boy-gang type, did not look like such a dangerous fellow, and he laughed when the deputies looked on the handcuffs and searched him carefully to see if he had a pistol in his pocket. Deputy Adams then stepped to a telephone on the counter to call for a sheriff's car, and Deputy Lane went into the adjoining Maloney home to ask the girl if Brown had said anything to her about the two hold-ups in Clinton.

The handcuffed bridegroom sauntered over to his father-in-law and asked him, in a rather friendly tone, "What have I ever done to you, Mr. Maloney, that you should treat me this way?"

"You are done plenty—and now I've got you," Maloney replied.

Deputy Adams was near at hand, using the telephone. So suddenly Brown gave him a terrific kick in the shin that floored him, and in another moment Brown had slipped a pistol out of each coat sleeve and was shooting at both Adams and Maloney.

As Adams writhed on the floor, wounded, the grocer grabbed Brown by the throat and the two made a wreck of the grocery shelves as they wrestled. Brown got free. Maloney closed in again, and took four bullets in his left hand as he grappled. Then, having fired all the shells in both pistols, Brown broke away and ran to the back of his store. He knew there was a stairway to the basement and another leading up to the kitchen of the Maloney home, and he ran this way, evidently determined to see his wife no matter what it cost him. Maloney pursued him.

As Brown raced up the steps to the kitchen, Deputy Lane appeared in the doorway, his gun drawn. He fired twice, one shot hitting Brown in the head and the other in the chest. After that there was no fight left in Brown.

The three wounded men were taken to a hospital and for several days doctors thought there was no hope for young Brown or Deputy Adams. Septic poison set in from the basement and another leading up to the kitchen of the Maloney home, and he ran this way, evidently determined to see his wife no matter what it cost him. Maloney pursued him.

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Burning Hated Books As In The Dark Ages

The German Nazi Public Bonfires of Printed Works They Don't Like Recalls the Futile Effort of Similar Censorship in Earlier Centuries Which Served to Advertise the Books They Tried to Suppress



Martin Luther Burning the Pope's Bull Condemning Him and His Writings, at Wittenberg, 1521. Luther's Own Works Were Burnt at About the Same Time in Various Capitals of Europe.

THE ceremonial public burning by the German Nazis of all books objectionable to them takes the world strangely back to the Dark Ages, like so many other proceedings of this singular party.

In earlier centuries it was customary for kings and other high authorities to order books that offended them burned in the most conspicuous public place with appropriate curses and hand-raising and other formalities calculated to impress the crowd. This is very similar to what has just been done in Germany.

Many famous books were destroyed in this way in old times, and many that were not remarkable owe their only celebrity to their formal burning. There is no record of a book having lost popularity through being publicly burned. Unfortunately the author was often burnt at or about the same time as his works, so that he derived no personal benefit from the free advertisement they received.

The correspondents have estimated that over 100,000 "un-German" books were destroyed in the recent holocausts in Germany, with the encouragement of the curiously titled "Minister of Public Enlightenment" in the Nazi regime, Dr. Joseph Goebbels. The ban was imposed first upon anything pacific, and then upon anything international. After that came books by Jews and books by Socialists. Many American authors were condemned, including Jack London, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, Upton Sinclair and Louis Fischer.

Sixty bonfires were lighted at various German universities, and the works of 282 authors were burnt up. The Nazi students were proud to learn that it was the greatest burning of books since the Caliph Omar sent the great library at Alexandria up in flames, in the seventh century, compelling the havoc begun by overzealous Christians centuries earlier. This library contained most of the manuscripts of the great ancient Greek writers and the original manuscript of the Greek version of the Bible.

The Caliph's alleged reason for destroying the library was that it contained some books that did not agree with the Koran. A moderate adviser suggested that some of the books of philosophy strongly supported the Koran. To this the Caliph sagely replied:

"If the books in the library contain anything but the Koran, then they are false, for the whole truth is in the Koran. If they contain the Koran alone, they are useless duplications. Let them burn."



The Famous Reformer, Savonarola, in 1498, Inducing the People of Florence to Burn Their Jewels and Vanities in the Square in Front of the Cathedral Near Which He Was Burned Himself Four Years Later as a Heretic—Both Proceedings Preserved His Fame in Literature and History.



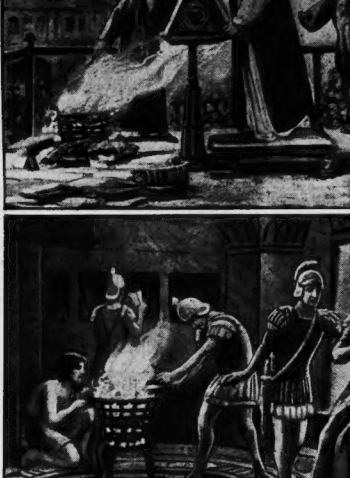
The Famous Reformer, Savonarola, in 1498, Inducing the People of Florence to Burn Their Jewels and Vanities in the Square in Front of the Cathedral Near Which He Was Burned Himself Four Years Later as a Heretic—Both Proceedings Preserved His Fame in Literature and History.

Surveying the ashes of their literary bonfires, the German Nazis feel they have done as good a job as the Caliph Omar, perhaps a better one. In Berlin 20,000 to 30,000 young people followed the torchlight procession and the brassbands accompanying the great truckloads of books to the Square before the University beside the State Opera House.

There a pile of logs was built up and lighted with gasoline. As the flames leapt high against the midnight sky and illuminated the University and Opera House, the crowd cheered while a living chain of hundreds of students passed the books from the trucks to the fire. It was like a medieval scene in the modern world.

One student after another stepped before the microphone, and after solemnly reading the title of a book and pronouncing the name of its author, uttered a savage curse upon it and ceremoniously cast it into the flames. Karl Marx had the honor of heading the list of condemned authors. In Berlin alone 20,000 books were marked for destruction, and similar numbers were collected at Heidelberg, Goettingen and other great university centers.

Gilbert K. Chesterton, the noted English writer, remarks that this proceeding reminded him of the reappearance after centuries of the days when the English hangman used to burn objectionable books in old Smithfield Market. He concluded that people were always saying, "You can't put back



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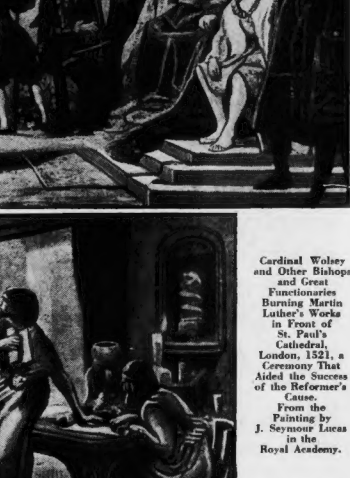
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the clock," and were always putting it back.

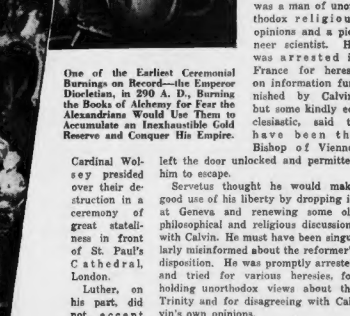
The custom of burning manuscripts as a means of combating the opinions of the writers was practiced assiduously from very ancient times, in spite of the fact that it never had the effect desired. The ancient Greeks sometimes tried it and the Roman Emperors had the habit strongly fixed. The Emperor Diocletian, about 290 A. D. learned that the Greeks of Alexandria, a disturbing center of thought, had compiled a number of volumes on alchemy, which taught among other dangerous things how the base metals could be turned into gold. The Emperor feared that the Alexandrians would accumulate the largest gold reserve in the world and thus gain the mastery over the Roman Empire.

He therefore ordered all the books of alchemy burned to the number, it is said, of 100. The result has been to give a celebrity to the alchemists of Alexandria which they might not otherwise have enjoyed, and to make many people wonder ever since what great secrets of science might have been hidden in those books of alchemy.

But it was in the Middle Ages, the Dark Ages as they are often called, that the idea of combating the effects of books and writings by fire was carried to its highest development. It was then believed that fire would wipe out every evil—save an unbeliever's soul or destroy a wicked or obnoxious thought expressed in a book. Torrents



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of manuscripts and mountains of books were burned in public places. One power or church would respond to a bonfire of literature and ideas by a similar spectacle.

Savonarola, the early Italian reformer, proclaimed a republic in Florence with Christ as President, persuaded the people to return to simple Christian ideals of life and the women to burn their jewels and ornaments, together with many books which he condemned as sinful, in the public square near the Cathedral. Later, when Savonarola's popularity had somewhat waned with the people, his ideas were judged heretical and dangerous to Church and State, and he himself was burned near the scene of his great triumph in 1498.

As Savonarola was about to die, the ecclesiastic in charge of the ceremony said solemnly as part of the regular ritual:

"I separate thee from the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant."

He spoke truly, for he was made immortal by his death, and his name has ever since been revered by men of all creeds as one of the purest and noblest idealists who ever lived.

A fierce rivalry in the burning of books and documents marked the foundation of the Lutheran Church in Germany. Martin Luther's writings were publicly burned in Rome, Cologne, Louvain and other places in 1521.

One of the Earliest Ceremonial Burnings on Record—the Emperor Diocletian, in 290 A. D., Burning the Books of Aeschylus, Euripides and the Alexandrians Would Use Them to Accumulate an Inexhaustible Gold Reserve and Conquer His Empire.

Cardinal Wolsey presided over their destruction in a ceremony of great stateliness in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Luther, on his part, did not accept these confagurations like a humble penitent. He retaliated by publicly burning, at Witten-

berg, the papal bull of excommunication and the decretals of the Pope, with whom he formally renounced all connection.

It is well-known that the King James version of the Bible has been more widely read than any other book. The New Testament section of it is aptly the translation made by William Tyndale, who lived from 1484 to 1536. It is interesting to find that the affection in which this book has always been held was in the first place due to its consecration by fire. Tyndale's New Testament was twice burnt publicly in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

As a result the sacred book went up enormously in the affections of Englishmen. Six thousand copies were said to be concealed in their homes, a remarkable number for any book at that time. The authorities endeavored to hunt down and seize these copies, but were unable to find many of them.

During the reign of Queen Mary Tudor pyramids of obnoxious books were burnt, usually in Smithfield Market, London, but also on Chesham, in St. Paul's churchyard and other popular centers. The practice of having objectionable books burnt by the common hangman is said to have originated at this time.

It must not be supposed that the war by fire on objectionable books has been peculiar to any particular church or sect. The great John Calvin, the austere Protestant reformer, was re-

Cardinal Wolsey and Other Bishops and Great Functionaries Burning Reformed Luther's Works in Front of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, 1521, a Ceremony That Aided the Success of the Reformer's Cause. From the Fainting by J. Seymour Lucas in the Royal Academy.

sponsible for burning Michael Servetus, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Servetus was a man of unorthodox religious opinions and a pioneer scientist. He was arrested in France for heresy on information furnished by Calvin, but some kindly ecclesiastic, said to have been the Bishop of Vienna,

left the door unlocked and permitted him to escape.

Servetus thought he would make good use of his liberty by dropping in at Geneva and renewing some old philosophical and religious discussions with Calvin. He must have been singularly misinformed about the reformer's disposition. He was promptly arrested and tried for various heresies, for holding unorthodox views about the Trinity and for disagreeing with Calvin's own opinions.

The prosecution was relentlessly pressed by Calvin, and through his efforts Servetus was condemned to death, although some of the court were inclined to mercy. The sentence required that he should be burnt in such a manner that death would not occur before sunset, and this was accomplished by burning him on a slow fire of green wood. Calvin disputed with Servetus on the day of execution and saw the end.

All Servetus's books or manuscripts were burnt with him or elsewhere, so that his works are among the rarest of bibliographical treasures, and his "Christianismi Restitutio" (Restoration of Christianity) is said to be the rarest book in the world.

The practice of having obnoxious books burned by the hangman, once started in England, became a way with the party in power of dealing with the writings of their political opponents. Daniel Defoe, the immortal author of "Robinson Crusoe," was exposed in the pillory and one of his books burned by the hangman. This was a political satire entitled "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," ironically advocating their extermination.

The last notorious occasion when the hangman publicly burnt literature in England occurred in 1763. The newspaper of the troublemaker John Wilkes, "The North Briton," attacking Lord Bute's government, was then committed to the flames. Actually the last book publicly burnt in England was "The Present Crisis with Regards to America," a pamphlet advocating a more active prosecution of the war against the American colonists.

But the Nazis have returned to the customs of the Dark Ages. "They have put back the clock."

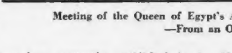
Tracing Egypt's Great Canal Built 3500 Years Ago



Interesting Discoveries of the Huge Undertaking Carried Out By the Famous Queen Hatshepsut to Supply Her Majesty With Cosmetics and Sacred Incense for the Gods

HISTORIANS and scientists have long known that somewhere in ancient Egypt a gigantic engineering undertaking had been started to connect the River Nile with the Red Sea and thus the Indian Ocean. But when it was built, who built it, whether it was ever completed, and just what it was used for, have been matters of dispute.

And now the distinguished Egyptologist, Dr. Hippolyte Bousquet, after years of investigation, has been able to trace the canal, and in the course of this laborious undertaking has made some extremely interesting discoveries. Perhaps the most interesting fact now revealed is that the canal was built by Queen Hatshepsut, the most remarkable woman in the history of Egypt, and called by modern writers the "Queen Elizabeth" of that country.



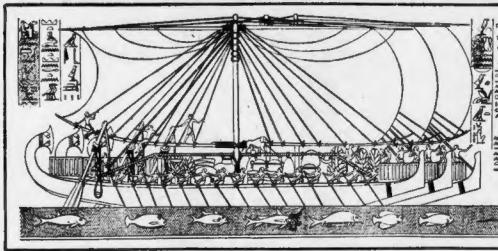
Meeting of the Queen of Egypt's Ambassador and the King of Pont. —From an Old Bas-relief.

Indeed, recent research has made it appear probable that this extraordinary woman was the mother of Moses by a romantic union. The canal was, therefore, built some 2000 years after Joseph and the Israelites went to Egypt—probably near 1500 B. C.

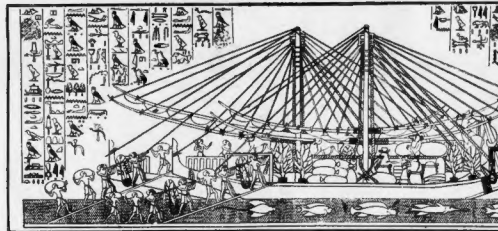
It was a marvelous undertaking in a period when there were no efficient machinery or tools. But the famous Queen was never discouraged when once her mind was made up. And thus it was that the royal determination set at work a tremendous force of laborers and dug through the sands from the Nile to the Red Sea, opening up a waterway to India and the tropics which enabled the Queen to obtain cosmetics and perfumes for herself, and sacred incense to burn in the temples. How much traffic went through this canal, or for how many years it was used, or whether it served also as a highway for ships of other nations, will probably never be known. A stretch of the old canal containing water still survives, but is partly filled in by the shifting sands, and is known as the Sweet Water Canal.

A new dynasty came into power after Queen Hatshepsut—a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph—and the Israelites were oppressed. The great canal was in use at the time of the Exodus, when they fled from Egyptian oppression. They must have passed near its outlet when they miraculously crossed the Red Sea, and all the Egyptian host were drowned, as described in the Bible.

The starting point of the canal, according to Dr. Bousquet, in a report



Fleet of Three Ships of Old Queen Hatshepsut Setting Forth on Their Voyage Through the Canal to the Land of Punt for Spices, Myrrh and Other Precious Substances.—From an Ancient Bas-relief.



Loading Myrrh and Other Tropical Products From Punt on Queen Hatshepsut's Ships. —From Bas-relief at the Temple of Deir-el-Bahri.



Picture From the Deir-el-Bahri Bas-relief Showing the Natives of Punt Carrying Whole Sycamore Trees to the Ships.

than the land of Egypt and would undertake it.

The belief that the Red Sea was higher than the Mediterranean persisted until recent days and had considerable effect in delaying the building of the Suez Canal. In 1798 a French scientific commission on Egyptian affairs asserted that the level of the Red Sea was over ten feet higher than that of the Mediterranean. In recent times it has been proved beyond question that the two seas are exactly level with one another. Evidently the early Pharaohs knew more about sea measurements than engineers of recent times.

In the ruins of one of the towns along the course of the canal has been found an ancient Egyptian monument bearing the name of the Pharaoh Ramses II the Great, with sculptures relating to his life. This appears to prove that the city and the canal were in existence at least as early as the time of this monarch who lived about 1300 B. C. Proof that the canal is older is furnished, however, by several other ancient Egyptian relics. Chief among these is a bas-relief carved on the outer side of the north wall of the great hall of columns of the temple of Karnak.

This bas-relief, which faces towards the south, represents the Pharaoh Seti I, father of Ramses the Great, on his return from an expedition against the Retennu, arriving at the city of Zalu, which was built on the right bank of

the canal at the very spot where this starts from the Pelusiac branch of the Nile. It must have been dug by a Pharaoh who sent important expeditions to sea, and it was necessary to find a ruler of this character living before the time of Seti I.

In setting this question it was important to know that the Egyptians used an enormous quantity of perfume in the worship of their gods. Therefore the Pharaohs often had occasion to send their ships to countries which produced incense and myrrh. These countries were called Punt and To-Nuter, which meant "lands blessed by the gods." The inscriptions give the name Nebt-Ana, meaning "sycamore of the Ana," to a tree which grew very plentifully in the land of Punt, many pictures of which are shown in the bas-reliefs at Deir-el-Bahri.

The tree was thick and knotted, its leaves were long like those of the olive and ended in a sharp point. In the bas-reliefs may be noticed sticking to the bark irregular lumps representing the gum which flowed out spontaneously before the bark was cut. Definite proof of the ancient waters support the belief that it was the "myrrh tree," which the Egyptians called the "Ana." The finest, purest and strongest "Ana" is stated to have come from the land of Punt.

Dr. Bousquet found numerous inscriptions in the Temple of Deir-el-Bahri on the Nile recorded by order of Queen

The Building of One of Queen Hatshepsut's Ships in a Shipyard in Ancient Egypt.—From Painting by Arent Christensen.



In Great Queen Hatshepsut's House, With Her Royal Headrest, Her False Beard Indicating That She Had the Power of a Man, and Various Divine and Royal Attributes.



The Peculiar Queen of Punt Was Worn with a False Beard. She Seemed to Be Afflicted with Rills of Fat That Were Regarded as Beautiful.

Hatshepsut, describing an important maritime expedition sent by her to the country that supplied the greatest quantity of the "Ana." The ships started from a port on the Nile and could only have reached equatorial regions where the "Ana" grew by means of a canal. He therefore concluded that this Queen had the distinction of building about sixteen centuries before Christ the canal which he considers the ancestor of the present Suez Canal.

Queen Hatshepsut was the earliest of those women of genius who have conceived vast projects and shrunk from no difficulties in carrying them out. In order to fulfill her duties as Pharaoh more successfully and impress her people by her virile aspect, she dressed as a man and took many measures to conceal her sex. She wore the "pechent," the Egyptian helmet and crown, upon hair cut short, and her chin was adorned with a false beard. She even put forth a legend that she was a daughter of the god Amen and that his virile characteristics were represented in her. Her reign was extremely prosperous and her revenues enabled her to build many great monuments at Thebes and in other parts of the kingdom.

Scandal had been caused before Queen Hatshepsut's time by the poor quality of aromatic perfumes supplied to the sacred city of Thebes by unscrupulous perfume merchants. Her perfumes were often used with substances that were far from sweet smells. To put an end to such wicked frauds, it was decided that royal officers should be sent to gather the "Ana" in the country where it grew, and also to acclimatize this precious substance in the Valley of the Nile.

Her Royal Majesty having uttered this wish, her prayer rose to the throne of Amen and a voice was heard in the Great Sanctuary, says the inscription. This was the voice of the god himself ordering an expedition to be sent to the land of Punt to seek for the sources of the "Ana" and to bring back all of this product they could find to the "God who created the nectar of the Queen." From this moment Queen Hatshepsut devoted all her energies to carrying out the wishes of her "father" Amen.

The boats on the Nile could not sail the high seas, and the Queen caused her specially constructed for this expedition a fleet of five great ships able to navigate at sea as well as on the

Nile. She appointed as admiral one of the greatest men in the kingdom, Sen-Muth. The importance of this expedition was so great that the Queen ordered the various stages of it to be carefully depicted from its arrival in the land of Punt until its return to Thebes. The record is shown in the magnificent colored bas-reliefs carved on the inner walls of the Temple of Deir-el-Bahri. One of the most interesting scenes represents the arrival in the land of Punt.

Admiral Sen-Muth has raised his tent on the edge of a river in a delightful position sheltered by palm trees and sycamores. Around him are the dwellings of the natives, curious circular huts built on high posts as if to protect them against the attack of ferocious animals, which were common in this country. A movable ladder gave access to the dwelling.

It is interesting to know that houses of similar construction are built to this day by the Nyam-Nyam tribes of equatorial Africa. It must have been to a country inhabited by some similar race that the ancient Egyptians went. The inhabitants of this distant country were of a different type, somewhat different from the Egyptian type. The hair of some of them was cut short, but with others it was allowed to grow long and was arranged in braids. To inspire confidence, Sen-Muth, accompanied by the foreigners, Parashou, was able to be set up on the shore on which various products of Theban industry were displayed—rings and bracelets of gold adorned with precious stones, collars of pearls, axes and daggers wrought with exquisite skill.

As soon as he learned of the arrival of the foreigners, Parashou, he was able to be set up on the shore on which various products of Theban industry were displayed—rings and bracelets of gold adorned with precious stones, collars of pearls, axes and daggers wrought with exquisite skill.

The appearance of the Queen was peculiar and somewhat repulsive. Her entire body was covered with rolls of fat, and this was particularly noticeable on her buttocks. She was evidently a victim of the peculiar growth of fat known as steatopygia, which is common among some African tribes and is regarded as a form of beauty by them.

The kindly greeting to the simple natives sent by the great Queen of Egypt, and the rich presents that went with them, removed all fear and after mutual compliments, business began. Her Royal Majesty having uttered this wish, her prayer rose to the throne of Amen and a voice was heard in the Great Sanctuary, says the inscription.

Another wall shows the loading on the Egyptian ships of the wares of the country. In addition to thirty-one "sycamores of the Ana," the explorers carried away gold, copper, silver, many plants and fruits unknown in Egypt, elephant tusks, live hunting leopards, fawn panthers and trained baboons who played about in the White Nubian of myrrh.

The use of the canal seems to have been neglected in late Egyptian times and to have been of little service when the Romans occupied the country, but there were occasional attempts to restore it. The Emperor Hadrian, who lived late in the history of the Roman Empire, ordered it to be repaired. After the downfall of Rome, Egypt fell under the domination of the Arabs. When the sacred city of Mecca was in danger of famine, the Arab governor of Egypt reopened the canal to carry provisions quickly to that place. Then the canal was allowed to fall into

Colleges to Teach How to be Happy Though Married

Increasing Numbers of Divorces and of Mismatched Wives and Husbands Cause Various Institutions to Add Courses of Instruction Upon the Art of Successful Matrimony

BUTLER UNIVERSITY at Indianapolis, Guilford College in North Carolina and Connecticut College for Women have recently offered courses in matrimony—how to get along with one's husband or wife—a difficult and complicated job, which hitherto has been self-taught at the cost of much painful experience and often never learned at all.

At once the thought arises that such a course should be compulsory, beginning freshman year in every college, because there is perhaps no more valuable knowledge that any institution of higher learning could hope to impart.

The permanence of the home and family depend on a happy marriage and no right-minded person denies that these things are the foundation of civilization. Good husbands and wives are more important than good lawyers and doctors. Nobody is permitted to practice medicine, law or dentistry until he has made a thorough study of the subject. Any business man can get hold of a certified accountant who, he knows, must be reasonably competent, but a certified wife is a treasure that does not exist.

As if marriage were a sort of blindman's buff, boys and girls muddle into matrimony, some of them muddle through to a certain degree of success, but how many fail can be estimated by the alarming numbers who give up and go muddling out through the divorce courts, saying that marriage is a failure. Automobiles would be failures too if customers tried to drive them without first learning how.

That the modern girl with all her career and freedom is really eager to be a successful wife is proved by the enthusiastic enrollment in the marriage courses of the Connecticut College for Women. These will be conducted by Prof. Margaret Chaney, chairman of the Home Economics Department, and Dr. Dorothea H. Scoville, the college physician. The first job is to knock out of the girls' heads a mass of misinformation which is worse than ignorance.

Dr. Scoville says: "We hear a great deal about the amount of knowledge young people of today have, how sophisticated they are. Actually, however, while they are frank in their discussion of all matters pertaining to marriage, in the really essential things, especially sex relationships, they are ignorant. Most of them have gathered their so-called 'knowledge' from novels, plays and sophisticated friends. They are in general badly informed. Since we could not prevent them from talking on the subject even if we wanted to, let us at least see that they know what they are talking about."

"And where can they get this knowledge?" Dr. Scoville asks. "In whose field does the responsibility lie for giving young men and women preparation for that part of their which hinges so much on happiness?" Her own answer is that question is "Of course, the parents."

Very clear to me that with the colleges to teach men and women as intelligent about the fundamentals of marriage, which of them will undertake, they are about mathematics, physics, literature and history."

College courses bearing on marriage, children, but on such things are, informal on these points can be learned after marriage when time comes to apply it. Before that time comes the home may be hopelessly wrecked from an amount of ignorance and a misunderstanding of the whole idea of marriage.

When a boy gets his first job he understands that he is to get a certain number of dollars at the end of the week, but nobody is so intelligent and misinformed as to think this is a present or birthright. He must earn it by performing satisfactory service or he will be "fired."

Young men go gaily into the job of matrimony with an exalted idea of the compensation in the form of happiness to be received, but only the vaguest notion of what must be given in return, except that the man knows he is supposed to earn a living. His check is something like that of an office boy going to work under the impression that he had nothing to do but amuse himself around the office and collect about \$1,000 a week.

The beginner at a job bumps into a lot of rules. He must keep office hours on a strictly specified time, not chatter and sing at his work nor "hog" the telephone. He must not conversation nor wander away from his post without leaving word where he can be found. There may be a rule against smoking and many other re-

Below—The Courses Ought to Include One in Physical Culture, and the Experiences of Mrs. Rella Harrison Strong, Wife of the Husky All-American Football Player, Ken Strong, Who, She Says, Kicked Her Around like a Football, Ought to Make a Leading Example.



Diet Has Much to Do With Divorce. It Has Been Found, and the Classic Illustration Would Be Miss Madge Bellamy, Whose Honeymoon Was Ended Almost Before It Had Begun, Because Her Husband Liked Ham and Eggs and She Didn't.

strictions with which he was not bothered at home. These rules are not only for economy, efficiency, fire hazards and the like, but often to keep peace in the office and factory. He accepts and usually obeys them without feeling abused.

Of course the home is an equal partnership, not an employer and employee. But every club has to have house rules though all members are equal and so does the home. But as soon as husband or wife starts to suggest them there is a grievance based on the male and female ignorance of each other. Most anyone who works with joy and enthusiasm at what seems to be a big, important job, yet hates drudgery because it seems unimportant. To most women, breakfast is a trivial thing, for which a cup of coffee and a bite of toast is plenty. She would not ask anyone to get up early and prepare a square meal for her and can't see why her husband insists on it. If she could understand that the lack of it ruins his whole day's work the effort would no longer seem a piece of unnecessary

drudgery, but a big, important job, worth doing right.

Because she does it badly and with ill will, her husband thinks he has married an unusually selfish, lazy woman, and she thinks he is a tyrant. A little preliminary instruction on this point would prevent them from misunderstanding each other. No man expects his employer to remember the anniversary of the day he hired him and celebrate it with a banquet and a flattering speech, or even to thank and praise him every day for his routine work. He does not expect his wife to do this. He expects her to burst into gratitude unless he does something unusual, nor does he care a whoop if she forgets their wedding anniversary. So he sees no sense in remembering anniversaries, prying every good meal she prepares, or noticing her own bonnet.

After it is too late he may learn that these words are a large part of her compensation from the partnership of marriage and that the lack of it made her a slacker on the matrimonial job. The first thing a stenographer does, if she wants to keep her job, is learn to understand the boss and avoid "getting his goat." Her husband is not her boss, but he is equally worth understanding. Most men have "dispensed attention"—that is, they are able without mental discomfort to read, have the radio going, listen with one ear to conversation and the other for sounds that something is boiling over in the kitchen, keep an eye on the baby and unconsciously plan a new dress.

With most men, concentration has become a habit. Intrusion upsets them even when reading a paper. To their wives this seems as silly as it would be to impose silence at meal times and they feel justified in trying to break him of the "foolish" habit. The result is thousands of cross husbands clanking front doors on the way to the club and an equal number of wives deciding that they aren't loved any more. Education on this line would remove that fruitful source of misunderstanding and quarrels.

A man goes to a football game simply to see who is going to win it and how. In his innocence and ignorance he assumes that his wife wants to go for the same reason. It may take years or a lifetime for the fact to sink in that the football game is not worth the candle to her except as an opportunity to wear a new fur coat. If that fails to be provided, he can't understand what makes her so "changeable and unreasonable."

Part of the courses in all three colleges will be devoted to picking the right mates. Most people believe the axiom that opposites attract. This is a dangerous misconception which should be cleared out of everyone's mind.

REGISTER HERE FOR MARRIAGE COURSE



Are the Matrimony Courses Going to Be Popular? Here Is a Picture of Co-eds at Butler University, Indianapolis, Lined Up to Register for Chief Instructor Prof. Metzger's Lectures.



While, of Course, Peggy Hopkins Joyce's Pursuit of Matrimonial Felicity and the Lessons She Has Learned, Would Have Their Place in the Course.

They may attract to a degree at first, but only for a time, and later tend to repel. The real truth is that there is a permanent attraction between like and like.

Dr. Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, in his treatment of deaf patients discovered that deaf people tend to intermarry, in their case an undesirable trait because it tends to increase the weakness in the next generation.

But men and women of the same way of life, of the same nationality, of the same faith, of the same food, have the same education and similar backgrounds, understand and interest each other best, enjoy each other least and stay married the longest. It has also been found that peculiar mannerisms, little airs and graces and special professions, so cute before marriage, become tiresome and disagreeable after.

The question of whether to have children and, if so how many, is a matter for each pair of parents to decide for themselves, and Connecticut College is already siring of his wife, the theory that a baby will reawaken his love is a pure fallacy contrary to known facts.

On the contrary it is a mistaken kindness to put off the children until parents have reached a state of prosperity which assures them every luxury. By that time the father and mother will probably be too old to give them the sympathetic understanding that is more valuable. A baby in the house means a whole new set of house rules, a complete upset of habits, and

the older and more set in their ways the parents are the harder it is to adjust themselves to this domestic revolution. Dr. Scoville thinks that the question of children should be fully discussed and agreed upon before marriage.

Thus far Peggy Hopkins Joyce has not been invited to lecture to any of the marriage classes. Peggy qualifies as a learned authority on how to catch men and lure them to the altar, but these courses are on how to get along with a husband afterward, and in this art the colleges seem to think she has no definite message for the world. Even study of famous wives of history is misleading because modern domestic conditions are utterly different from what they ever were before.

However, it is safe to say that Helen of Troy and Cleopatra were not just as bad wives today as they did in their own times, though nobody would be fool enough to go to war about them.

Men seem to be quite as much a mystery to women as women are to men, but no matter how charming they may be before marriage, mysteries around the house afterward become a problem and a nuisance. To clear up these mysteries before the first installment of matrimony, Mr. Ernestine C. Milner, Professor of Psychology, has been made head of the first installment.

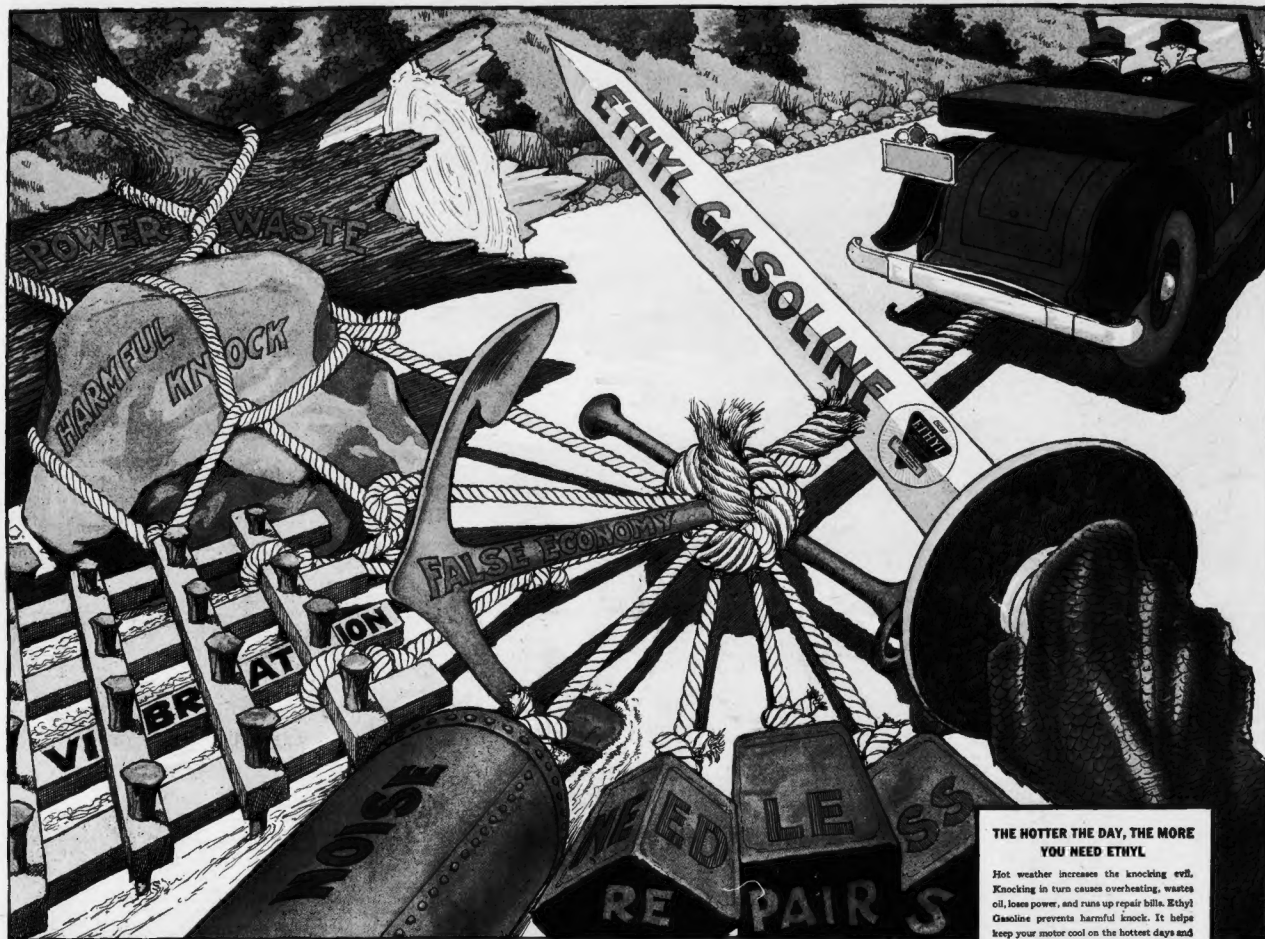
One might ask how psychology would have helped Mrs. Rella Harrison Strong, wife of Ken Strong, the all-American football player, who, she said, kicked her around like a football. It might, had she been able to convince that happy gentleman that she would repay him with twice as severe a beating. This she could have done by quietly sewing him up in the bed clothes while he slept and then, helplessly in that strait-jacket, he would have had to accept whatever chastisement she chose to administer.

Perhaps the most extraordinary case of ignorance of each other in the history of the world was that of Madge Bellamy, who forgot to tell her fiancé that the rights of ham and eggs made her ill. He forgot to mention that he began every day of his life with a ham and eggs. She started divorce proceedings before the honeymoon was really begun.

Many office rules of behavior such as forbidding employees to shoot craps during the noon hour and to drink the boss has reforming ambitions, but because the things forbidden cause fights. The same thing sometimes call for taboos in the family. Cross-words are fought out and each figure in the divorce courts much, but bridge seems to be more readily than arguing religion or politics.

A wife is entitled to all the attention she can get, but if she demands so much that her husband neglects his business that is not good judgment. Annette Davies of the "Greenwich Village Follies" told the divorce court judge that her husband had walked out on her saying that no man could pay enough attention to her and his business too. Prof. Metzger of Butler University doubts that could provide them with a formula by which the husband's time could be divided between wife and work without disaster to either of them.

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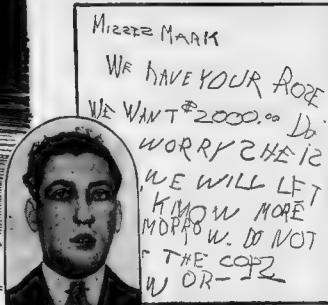
Sewed His Dead Sweetheart Up in a Sack

Unconvincing Explanation of the Murder of Pretty Rose Gendler Which, After Months of Mystery, Sends

Young Maurice Meyer to Prison for 90 Years



The Bridge Over Rock River, Near Moline, Illinois, Where Rose Gendler's Body Was Found in a Sack On the Ice Last December.



Maurice Meyer, Convicted of the Murder of Rose Gendler After His Fantastic Explanation of How the Girl Died By An Accident.

The Strange Ransom Letter Which Meyer Admits He Wrote to Confuse the Police and Make the Girl's Disappearance Seem to Be a Kidnaping Case.



The Humble Home of the Gendlers in Rock Island, Illinois.

Miss Rose Gendler, the Attractive Girl Whose Murder Is Still Something of a Mystery, Although Her Sweetheart Has Been Convicted.

He Had Trussed Up the Body of the Girl, Meyer Confessed, Had Drawn Tight About Her Throat a Ruckle and Put a Gag in Her Mouth. And Then He Had Squeezed Her Body Into a Gunny-Sack, Which He Dumped Off the Bridge.

THE body of Rose Gendler, an attractive girl of 22, with a spotless reputation, was found on a cake of ice in the Rock River, Illinois, a few days before last Christmas. The conditions were such as to leave no doubt in anyone's mind that she had been murdered. Someone had bound her hands, forced a cloth gag down her throat in a way that it would have strangled her, tied a man's necktie around it so tightly that it would have had the same result, and enclosed the body, all but the feet, in a large burlap sack. It was these protruding feet which attracted the attention of two small boys, causing an early discovery of the crime. Besides this, the girl's skull had been fractured in two places. Maurice Meyer, her lifelong friend, neighbor and recently her admirer, confessed that he had done the gagging, tied the necktie, placed the body in the sack and buried it from a bridge near Moline, Illinois. Also he admitted having written the following note pinned on the screen door of her stepfather's home:

"Miss Mark:
"We have your Rose. We want \$2000.00. Do not worry. She is O.K. We will let you know more tomorrow. Do not let the cops know, or—"
Yet he steadfastly denied that he had anything to do with her death. Meyer's lawyers doubted if any jury would believe such an improbable story and so he asked for a trial without jury. But Judge Leonard E. Tollen did not believe it, either, and the other day sentenced him to 90 years in the Joliet Penitentiary.

Nevertheless, the case remains considerable of a mystery. As much as the Chief Investigator George A. Eberling, who built up the successful case for the State, is not satisfied and is still working on it. His theory is that there was another person involved who probably did the actual killing, and that whatever part Meyer played he had never fit to absolve his accomplice. If Meyer killed the girl, nobody has been able to suggest a satisfactory motive. She had not been criminally assaulted.

Meyer has, of course, appealed for a new trial. If he gets it, he will be back that mysterious accomplice and perhaps ask for a jury, hoping that

they will send the other person to the electric chair and let him off with a lighter sentence? He can hardly hope that this, one of the most unlikely stories ever offered by a defendant in danger of his life, would be swallowed by any judge or jury. And yet, as more than one criminal lawyer has commented, "The yarn is just crazy enough possibly to be true."

The investigators eventually "pinned" the deed on Meyer through a machine known as a "lie-detector." A miss Gendler, who lived with her mother and her stepfather, Jacob Mark, in Rock Island, Illinois, was working evenings during the Christmas rush at a store in Davenport, Indiana. At 9:30 p. m., December 21, she punched the time-clock of the toy department, and after several telephone calls, made in the hope of getting a ride home, took the street car. Several persons saw her on the car, but nobody happened to notice her get off.

When she failed to come home that night, the family was alarmed, and in the morning had just notified the police when the ransom note was discovered, stuck in a screen door which had not been taken down during the winter. It was warning not to tell the cops, saying these honest people into a panic of uncertainty. They wanted to tell all they knew, but if they did the supposed kidnapers might kill the girl. The police quickly saw that they were hiding something, and before long persuaded them to reveal it.

Hardly had they turned the note over than their worst fears were realized—Rose's body was found. However, they were assured that the crime had been committed long before they discovered the warning. The first leads in the questioning of the girl's two brothers, who are considered somewhat eccentric, one so much so that he had recently spent some time at a mental hospital. Both men, however, answered questions frankly and happened to have such perfect alibis that they were soon dismissed.

"The case was so mysterious that it defied much investigation. A woman in size and figure to be easily mistaken for her at night, reported that on the evening of the murder she had alighted from a car at the corner where Rose usually got off.

The woman who told the story said

she had just stepped from the street car when a strange automobile, whose make she did not notice, slowly followed along the curb in the direction in which she was walking. A man, whom she did not know, stuck his head from a partly opened door as the automobile lights were thrown on her. He muttered "Oh!" Somebody then "stepped on the gas," and the car was gone. "I thought nothing more of the incident until I read of the crime in the evening papers," she said.

The woman who told the story did not know Miss Gendler, but informed police when she read of the slain girl's description that she was dressed that night in similar clothes and would pass for her in size and weight. She had not noted the license number, but the clue seemed to point to a former dance in Chicago. He was able to produce an unquestionable alibi and was dropped from further consideration.

Many local persons were quizzed with such negative results that the authorities, after several weeks, admitted that they were getting nowhere.

Then, one day in February, the newspapers announced that the girl had been called into this baffling case where human sleuths had failed. A "lie-detector," a strange machine which registers human emotions, was brought to the Rock Island courthouse from the crime detection laboratory at Northwestern University, Evanston. Experts came with the machine and everybody who had formerly been questioned was again brought to the State's Attorney's office.

Among those who submitted to having the machine strapped to their chest, that their heart-action might be recorded as each question was asked, was Maurice Meyer. Rose's admirer, a young man of 25. They had nothing on the youth except his interest in the girl and that someone said he had talked to her on the telephone before she was killed. Even so, Meyer admitted, but explained that he had not felt well and therefore had cancelled a date to see her the evening. Though Maurice had no alibi witnesses, he had given a satisfactory account of himself. Bringing him back with the others was just a matter of dull police routine which seems so stupid and yet so often catches the criminal.

Confronted by the "lie-detector," he was noticeably reluctant and nervous. The machine recorded that he was suspiciously slow in replying to certain questions and that at these mo-

ments his heart had beaten furiously. The experts who operated the apparatus asserted that these indicated either that Meyer was lying or, at least, concealing information about the case. Nobody else acted that way.

On the other hand, the detectives doubted this psychological evidence. The contraption might "rattle" an innocent person who had nothing to do with the killing, and the fact that he loved the girl might make him anxious to conceal something in no way connected with the crime. Again nobody was held, and yet, in the absence of other clues, the fact stuck in the heads of the authorities that the machine had pointed the finger of science at Meyer.

At length it moved them to try another branch of science. Dust was gathered from the clothes of the dead girl. By chemical and microscopic study it was found to be the same dust as that in the Ideal Overall plant, where Meyer worked.

Thus two more scientific fingers, pointing from the microscope and the chemical laboratory at Maurice, caused the detectives to concentrate on that young man. A fortnight later they were ready to arrest him, but he had vanished. More weeks passed, and they were just about to send out "wanted" notices to every city in the country when Meyer walked into the offices of State's Attorney Francis C. King. He said he had merely gone away a week and had returned "for business," under which he broke down and told an entirely new version.

The substance of Meyer's tale was that after talking to Miss Gendler on the telephone and telling her he was ill he decided to meet her and drove to Rock Island. He saw her on the street car, he said, and waited for her to get off. She readily got into his truck with him, and it was suggested they drive to Moline to look at a pic-

ture of Meyer's young niece, which he had recently received.

Meyer said he drove into the alley behind the overall plant and went into the building to get the photograph. When he returned, he declared, Miss Gendler was lying unconscious beside the rear of the building. It was icy at the time and he presumed she had slipped and struck her head against some barrels in the alley. He said he picked her up and took her into the plant and there tried to revive her, but being unable to do so, he became stricken with fear.

It seemed to him that he had made a fatal mistake in carrying the dying girl inside. How would he make people believe that he had not struck her on the head. As nobody had seen him with Rose, it seemed to him, on the spur of the moment, that he had better just get rid of the body as best he could. Since he had a good reputation, the more he could make things look like a brutal murder the less likely anyone would be to suspect him.

With this plan in mind, he said he had tied her hands, stuffed some cloth used in polishing automobiles, down her throat and knotted around it an old necktie he had found but never worn. Then he had concealed the body on the street that very day and tossed into the back of the truck. Lifting the body into the back of the truck, he had driven onto the 35-foot bridge over the Rock River and tossed it over the rail. Meyer had meant it to fall into the water, but by miscalculation the sack and its contents had landed on a cake of ice. During the night the body stiffened and pushed its feet out enough to attract the attention early in the morning of the two boys.

As an afterthought, to make it look more like the work of professional criminals, he had written that crudely lettered "kidnaping" note. Meyer pointed out that he was well aware that the Mark family was in no financial condition to raise \$2,000, and therefore he had never hoped to collect it. The authorities believed that part—but not the rest.

An honest person, faced with a sudden disaster like the accident he described, does not stop to consider what the police or anyone else might think, but runs for help and blurts it all out. The police, used to such happenings, easily recognize the earmarks of truth, even in the most hysterical person. Best of all, they verify it for him before the trail gets cold. If he is innocent they are his best friends.

Having no other crimes to fear that the police would incidentally bring to light, there was no reason for such unnatural behavior, and, therefore, he was put on trial. In court he told substantially the same story, which is curious because, if a lie, it was such a poor one that his able counsel surely would have made him repudiate it for something better on the old excuse that he had been "third-degree" into the confession. Try as they would, the prosecution could not shake him from it.

Medical experts for the prosecution testified that examination of the body showed the girl was still alive when that gag and necktie were applied and, probably, even when she was hurled onto the ice cake. But equally expert testimony for the defense said she was not. A witness who had heard a woman's screams that night from the direction of the bridge tended to bear out the contention of the prosecution that she had been thrown into the river alive.

Grim and implacable, like a figure of vengeance, in the courtroom, sat the dead girl's mother. She was disappointed that Meyer was not sent to the electric chair, and thought that it should at least have gotten life imprisonment. When it was explained "life" makes a murderer eligible for parole in twenty years, and that he is most invariably gets it, while ninety years should keep him behind the bars for at least thirty, she felt better about it.

Chief Eberling, however, is not satisfied, and is as busy as ever on the case. He says:

"Meyer is guilty and deserves what he got. But I have reason to believe there is someone else, equally guilty, who has thus far escaped. Wait and see if I am not right."

How I Lived 16 Years as a

Mrs. Arkell Smith, Who Masqueraded as "Col. Victor Barker," World War Veteran, at Last Reveals the Astonishing Exploit Managed Many



Tony Barker, Son of "Colonel Barker," Who Does Not Yet Know of His Mother's Extraordinary Masquerade as a Man.



Mrs. Kate Meyrick, Whom "Colonel Barker" Became Acquainted With as a Patron of Her Season Night Clubs—And Met Again When Both of Them Were Prisoners in Holloway Jail.



THE British public was stunned "Col. Victor Barker," well known hero, living a man among men, himself with many medals and Club of veterans and posed as a But "Col. Barker" is a woman she reveals the secret of why she and she explains many delicate she met them.

"The reason I masqueraded would increase my prospects of to live and to maintain my son's readers when following these reve

Holloway Jail, London's Conic



By "Colonel Victor Barker"
CHAPTER IV.
(Concluded from Last Sunday)

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LAST week I told how, disguised as a man, I rose to be an officer in the Fascisti of London without anyone suspecting that I was a woman. Of course, that was mostly because I was six feet tall, stronger and heavier than most men and had been trained as a girl to box.

Also, I related that my special enemy was one of the Communist women who rage and shriek on the fringes of things when their men are engaged in raids and street fights. She was a "Red" even to her flaming red hair, bigger and stronger, I am sure, than I was, and the most dreadful female fiend I ever hope to see.

Always she had tried to make the men centre their attacks on me, and I knew from her own profane promises that she was just waiting for a chance to get her hands on me. That chance came one day, when our organization was acting as a bodyguard to Major G. M. Kindersley, a well-known Member of Parliament, as he was making a patriotic speech in Hyde Park. Quite as expected, the "Reds" turned out in overwhelming numbers and attacked. My business, as commander of our body of Fascisti, was to form a cordon around the speaker and get him safely away.

That was managed successfully, but in part of the heaving and surging that goes with mob battles I myself became cut off from my own men. In an instant I was surrounded by the "Reds" and overpowered. I expected the usual fate of being thrown to the ground and trampled, but a shrill, rasping voice rang in my ears.

"Old 'im!" it cried. "Let me at 'im." It was my dreadful red-headed enemy. With a leer of triumph, she loomed into view and started reaching for my face with clawlike hands at the end of long arms.

"Don't claw him, hit him," ordered one of the men who were holding my arms. The fury heitated and then obeyed, drawing back a fist and taking careful aim at my face. Just as the blow started I threw myself forward and downward, which pulled the heads of the two Communists who were holding me together. One of them caught their lady comrade's blow somewhere on the head and was knocked out.

Wrenching myself free from the other "Red," I leaped to my feet, and had one free instant which I improved by taking a swing for the haridan's jaw. Never did I put so much enthusiasm in a punch and it went straight to the mark the "Red" lady's jaw. Down she went on her back, her feet flying up over her head to reveal a pair of bright, red bloomers.

During the next few seconds, or they may have been minutes, I was busy taking and giving blows from her male comrades, who had recovered from their momentary surprise. Then, abruptly they faded out, like the end of a moving picture film. I had been rescued by my own Fascisti.

Lying on the ground was the long and powerful form of the woman I had smitten. As I looked she opened her eyes and turned them on me with the most outraged and astonished expression I have ever seen.

"E-e-y-a-ow!" she yowled like a cat, pointing a long arm at me. "E 'it me—the coward."

It was certainly true that I had hit her. But Communist women are always pretending that the police or somebody has beaten them, and none of my men believed her of course. After that she was careful to keep out of my range, as

"Colonel Sir Victor Barker, Bart." in Evening Clothes, With His Regus Decorations. Photograph by R. Burn, Oxford Street, London.

she cursed me for a coward. She was afraid I might be cowardly enough to take another punch at her.

These had been long, lean months in which the Fascisti organization was my bread and butter. Then my brother died, leaving me 1,500 pounds (more than \$7,000 at that time), and the black shirts did not see me much more. I took a little flat in Mayfair as Colonel Barker, D. S. O., and let it be known that I was "at the War Office." Every morning, arrayed in khaki uniform, I hurried off with the air of an important man ten minutes late, to spend the day in roaming London. Sometimes people asked what I did at the War Office. Looking them in the eye, I replied in a mildly reproving tone, "Just twiddling my thumbs." From this they inferred that my work was secret and important.

In my new and luxurious station in life a valet seemed necessary, and his first job in the morning was to bring me hot water for shaving. Always I began the day by lathering my face and pretending to scrape it off with a razor. Nor did I forget to throw away two old blades every week.

During this brief life on the fringes of high society I met many rather prominent people, and one night was introduced to Kate Meyrick, famous owner of "The 43," England's world-celebrated night club. Little did either of us suspect that our next meeting would be in Holloway Jail.

Living at this rate it did not take long to prove the old adage that a fool and his money are soon parted. But before it was all gone I took over a little restaurant near Charing Cross, where I installed a cook, a kitchen boy and a waitress. Also I made my valet substitute for the waitress while she was off duty.

One evening the waitress came to me in the kitchen weeping and complaining that a nasty customer had insulted her. Peering out of the swinging door, I did not need to have the offender pointed out. He was a large, coarse, red-faced man whose bullying nature had been brought out by a few drinks. The fellow was roaring out abuse of the place while the girl with him suckered.

I knew what to do. Without a word I seized his right wrist, twisted it behind his back and lifted. The results to anyone who did not understand, were miraculous. He instantly arose and hurried with me to the front door, with such alacrity that one would imagine that it was his idea as much as mine. At the door I gripped him by the collar and the seat of his trousers for a final heave that sent him violently out onto the street.



Mr. Harold Arkell Smith, Husband of "Colonel Barker."

Standing in the door, I waited to see if he would try to retaliate, but the meanness was all out of him. The reason was that in jerking his arm up behind him I was practicing a little jujitsu trick I had learned from the Fascisti, and it had no doubt strained his shoulder a bit. My customers were poor people, and some were certainly queer ones. Queerest of all was a man, who paid me, as often as I would let him, in postage stamps. Fearing that these might be stolen, I finally asked him to tell me his business.

"Tapping," he replied, "just tapping."

By this he meant that all day, he was tapping people on the shoulder, showed them an addressed envelope which he said contained a letter that would surely get him employment, if he could only get hold of a postage stamp. If the stranger who had been tapped had a stamp on his person, he invariably surrendered it. If not the tapper received a few coppers and sometimes silver. Rarely did anyone refuse such a modest request.

On rainy days when people on the street were in a hurry, he visited offices where somebody invariably handed him the stamp. This tapper had money in the bank, told me that hard times were better for professional beggars than prosperity because they know the "begging business" so much better than amateurs and in good times people are inclined to ask why he doesn't go to work.

But my restaurant did not pay, I fell into arrears in rent and purchase instalments until one day the bailiff officially closed the place. Meanwhile I had been put out of my flat, sold my uniforms and moved to a cheap lodging house. In spite of the bailiff's attachment, I entered the restaurant, took away a basketful of cutlery and other things that belonged to me and went away, never to return.

It took two fatal mistakes to bring my six-year masquerade to an end, and this was the second one. A bankruptcy court officer called and finding the place closed, pushed a summons through the letter box slot. As I never received it and therefore did not obey it, a warrant was issued for my arrest, which in turn revealed a previous fatal slip and the two combined sent me to prison.

should not do me such a small favor. Some were from men in the "Fellowship of Mons," which I had organized, mostly from non-commissioned officers. We held a monthly dinner at the Adelphi, at which I always presided, and as its representative I had laid a wreath on the grave of the unknown soldier. Who could doubt me?

Nevertheless, I was a bit uneasy in that new job. Hundreds and hundreds of people came into that hotel every day. In the course of a week thousands must have passed by me, and score upon score received my personal attention. I knew that I was taking a big risk, for at any moment there might come into this popular rendezvous any one of those old war time acquaintances, whom I had met in various parts of the country, as a woman, and who might easily have recognized me.

Yet out of all the thousands who came there during those four months before my arrest, there was only one man who might have exposed me, and most certainly would have done had he seen me, and that was Pearce Crouch. He came one night not long after I had been promoted to the position of superintendent. I was standing just behind the screen inside the restaurant when I heard a voice in the palm court outside.

My heart gave a sickening leap, and I felt myself go cold with dread. It was a voice I knew only too well. A suave gentle voice sweet as honey as I had so often heard it myself. I knew who it was without looking, but despite the lurking fear of being recognized I could not resist the desire to make sure that I was right. It was the man who had brought so much sorrow into my life, and driven me into the masquerade which even then was approaching a dramatic climax, although I was not aware of it at that moment.

There he was in the same attitude that I knew so well, leaning forward smiling at two women who were hanging on his every word, just as I had done—and flattering him with their glances.

I pitied them, but only for the moment because the next I was planning what I should do if by some evil chance he should make up his mind to dine, and come through the door where I was standing. If he had there were only two things I could have done. Boldly shown him to a table and risk recognition, or—free from my post, and risk my job.

Fortunately I did not have to make the choice, for not long afterwards he rose, and still leaning over one of the women with the possessive air I knew so well, he passed from the lounge into the big hall.

I think it was one of the most serene and

Man, With Men, and Fooled Everybody

tor Barker," British Secrets of Her and How She Delicate Situations

ed some months ago by the discovery that known figure about the London clubs— he had masqueraded as a man and war and nobody suspected. He had provided war decorations, he founded the "Mons hero of the famous battle. and the mother of two children. At last undertook this remarkable masquerade, situations which confronted her and how

a man," she writes, "was that I felt it training employment, and thus enable me wish this ever to be in the minds of my nations."

Famous Prison, Where Women
Are Confined.



carefree days of my life when the real blow fell. Here I was in a respectable, reasonably-well-paid position to which I had been promoted by merit and therefore need have no fear of losing. When the hotel detective informed me that an officer from the bankruptcy court was looking for me I went to see him, supposing that I must answer a few routine questions and perhaps sign a paper that I had no assets.

"I have a warrant for your arrest, and am going to take you to Brixton Jail," he said, and suddenly the bottom fell out of my world. The one thing which I dreaded above all had come to pass. I knew perfectly well that imprisonment would mean exposure. I knew that all the time I had suffered in maintaining my little at a good school and in seeking to avoid cover would be in vain. Frenziedly I begged for time to telephone in frantic effort to get somebody who would act as a surety for me so that I need not go to Brixton. If I could have done this the position would have been saved. I spent an hour ringing up various numbers, but it seemed fated that nobody I knew was at the time. The officer was a very decent fellow but he had to do his duty, and when I had exhausted all the numbers could think of he told me that I must go along with him.

I had been so lucky so many times that now, to average things up, not one soul of all who might have saved me was available. There was nothing to do but go. We took a taxi and perhaps you can imagine my state of mind as I strove desperately to think of some means by which I could avoid exposure. We arrived at the forbidding gates of the jail, and the little wicket gate with its barred window was opened for us. With other poor devils I arrived in a large room where we had to strip. My heart beating as though it would burst, I felt a "fiction" around my throat as though I were suffocated. I noticed that the other men their shirts on whilst being weighed, and going to the questions that were put to them. My hopes began to rise, especially when, they were ordered to dress once more, were taken into another room. In this room the queerest assortment of humans I had seen. There were men of all classes and raptions. Some were of good birth, but they lay right down at the bottom of the scale. I found this room were little cubicles like sitting butts, and after we had been given a mug of cocoa and a bun, we were told to each go into one of these cubicles and strip for examination by the doctor.

I nearly collapsed. It was the end of things.



And yet—I could not give in without one more bid. I had seen man after men, wearing nothing but his trousers, pass into the room where the doctor was sitting. I thought quickly.

When I went into the room I kept on the undervest which I was wearing. I stood there before the doctor literally trembling. The great moment had come. At his side sat another official. He glared at me when he saw I still had on the undervest.

"What do you mean by keeping that thing on?" he demanded. "Take it off."

I looked beseechingly at the doctor. "May I speak to you a moment?" I asked, and he looked searchingly at me. I think he was wondering whether I was a tough who would become violent.

"Do you mean in private?" he said, and I nodded my head. I was almost at the point of tears.

"Why?"—and then—"are you a woman?" Still I fought on.

"No!" I lied—"but I would like to speak to you alone."

"Oh—very well then," and the other man left the room.

"I am a woman" I told him, "I am a woman but for six years I have been living as a man for the sake of my boy. For God's sake pass me through until such time as I can arrange to get bail."

I begged and pleaded with him. I told him the whole story in jerky, agitated spasms. He was very kind, but of course I realize that it would have been more than his career was worth to have done such a thing. I beseeched him to lock me up in solitary confinement—anything so long as my sex was not revealed.

"I'm awfully sorry" he said, "but I could not possibly do it."

With a chivalry which struck me as ironic at the time he brought a chair and placed it before the fire for me. I sat there for some minutes during which time my clothes were fetched for me and I was ordered to dress. With trembling fingers I donned the garments in which I had masqueraded for so long. In a daze I made my way out and in a few minutes was on my way to Holloway Jail, a broken and exhausted woman.

Once more the sinister sound of prison gates opening, the jangle of keys and the view of massive iron gates shutting me off from the outside world. The officials were extremely kind. I suddenly remembered a little flask of whiskey which I had in my trousers' hip pocket, and I begged to be allowed to drink the contents.

But no—prison regulations must be obeyed. They took my clothes from me, and it was then that I finally collapsed. The doctor saw me and drove me to the hospital, and there I remained until my lawyer, Mr. Freke Palmer, one of the most famous solicitors in England and a great friend to me, secured my release on bail.

In the meantime I had been brought some women's clothing, but so long had I been living as a man that I had forgotten how to put it on. It was a gray tweed coat and skirt, striped silk blouse, silk stockings and a velvet hat, and it was in these unusual garments that I came out into the world once more to await my trial. For

It Was With Great Joy that "Colonel Barker" Was Again Given a Job by an Automobile Firm as General "Useful Man." It Was With the Understanding That the Job Would Last as Long as Her Identity Remained Unknown.

"I did remarkably well," "Colonel Barker" writes, "and was putting away money for the rainy day which I hoped would never come. But once a woman customer recognized me. One day as I was cleaning a car this woman, who had perhaps seen me during my court trial or perhaps had known me as the 'Hero of Mons,' remembered me. Stepping into the Office, she pointed me out to the manager, and once more I was one of the unemployed."

in the meantime inquiries had been made into my past, and the secret of my marriage to Miss Howard had been revealed.

Eventually I was charged with perjury in connection with the taking of the restaurant, and also with making a false declaration in connection with my marriage. The days which followed were terrible indeed. I hid myself as completely as I could, not daring to venture outside the door of the place where I was staying. I lived in a state of continual haunting fear, and all the time at the back of my mind was the one thought that at all costs my little son must never know what was happening to his unhappy mother.

He was away at school, and to him it was explained that I was ill. I shall always remember with gratitude how his schoolmaster took all the other boys aside and explained something of the circumstances to them and put them on their solemn honor never to breathe a word to my boy. And to the boys of that school—little gentlemen, every one of them—I would like to pay my tribute to the fine manner in which they kept their word, for to this day my son does not know the truth about me, and to him I am still the "daddy" I have always been.

At the trial they charged me with many things, which I disproved all but one, to which I pleaded guilty, because it was true. I certainly had made a false statement in registering myself as Sir Victor Barker when I went through that preposterous mockery of a marriage to Miss Howard. As already explained in a previous chapter, this ceremony was forced on me by the young woman's parents, who thought I had "compromised" their daughter. Therefore I had to "marry" her or confess to them that I was a woman, which would have betrayed everything. For this false registry the Recorder sentenced me to nine months in Holloway Jail.

All soldiers whom I have ever met agree on one thing about the army. When work is to be done invariably the man least competent is picked for it. But this I have since learned is a weakness of all Government activities, including the running of prisons.

The food was abominably cooked. As I have always been a good cook, I volunteered for that work. Instead they set me to hemming handkerchiefs, at which I am absolutely worthless. Soon I learned that they had all the dressmakers and other needle workers in the kitchen, while the expert cooks were knitting socks. Among the prisoners was Mrs. Kate Meyrick, the night club owner. Had they placed her in charge of the kitchen and let her select cooks that had cooked, even the coarse prison fare would have been palatable. But with the usual governmental genius

for mistaking people, they never let her near the place.

Crooks are a queer lot. Among the inmates was Nellie Ruth Munday, alias Nellie Bevon, a sweet-faced woman, with the most musical voice and plausible, honest manner I ever knew. Nellie is a swindler, and I think she does it more for sheer joy of putting over a lie than for the profit. She is one of those persons, who will never tell the truth, if a lie will possibly do almost as well.

Though I had never seen or even heard of her, and the yarn could not have done her any good, she told everyone, including myself, that she had also "married" me. Probably most everyone in the prison believed this notorious liar. Nellie's specialty was posing as a titled lady and borrowing large sums on the strength of it from gullible tourists. She had masqueraded under all sorts of titles, even royalty, but never as a man. Because I had done this for six years she expressed great admiration, which may have been sincere.

At last the ordeal came to an end, the prison gates opened and I was free. A clerk from the office of my lawyer, Mr. Freke Palmer, was waiting with a car which took me straight to his offices. I was in woman's clothes and had no intention of ever masquerading as a man again.

"My boy—how is he?" was the first question I asked when I arrived, and was given the glad news that he was very well and quite happy at his school.

"But—" said Mr. Freke Palmer, "there is something you must know. A friendly doctor has seen Tony, and he has examined him very thoroughly. Physically he is quite well, and he is a particularly bright and intelligent boy. But he is very highly strung and extremely sensitive."

My heart was throbbing with anxiety. I waited for him to go on.

"You see," he continued, "it is a very awkward position. The doctor is of opinion that if Tony were suddenly confronted with the revelation that you are his mother, and not his father, as he has believed all along and still believes, he is so highly strung that the shock might have a very bad effect upon his mentality."

The whole force of what he said suddenly overwhelmed me. I realized with all the bitterness of my soul how, in trying to make things easier for the boy, I had made things harder. Here he was, just at the most impressionable age of childhood, happy and content in his regard for me as his "daddy."

If I dared to unburden myself to him it was impossible to say precisely what effect such a

Who Says It Can't Be Done? We've Done It!

We Have Produced a Different Cereal—Containing Cereal-Cellulose...
It Costs Much More to Make...Yet Now We Offer It at the
Same Price as Ordinary Breakfast Foods!—10¢



WHAT MEDICAL SCIENCE KNOWS ABOUT CEREAL-CELLULOSE

There is cellulose in practically all the fruits and vegetables that you eat.

This cellulose is one of the things that make them so healthful for you.

Heinz, after eight years of work with scientists of the Mellon Institute, discovered a way to separate pure cereal-cellulose and combine it with Heinz Rice Flakes.

This corrective cellulose is extracted from whole grain rice. It is a soft, fluffy, white powder that is

tasteless. It becomes part of the crisp, golden flakes and you never know it is there.

This corrective cellulose increases greatly in bulk when moisture is absorbed after eating. It forms one of the gentlest, mildest types of bulk. It gives Heinz Rice Flakes a safe, mildly regulative action.

And only Heinz Rice Flakes have this added corrective cellulose.



NATURE herself could not have done a better job. Here are crisp, delicious flakes with corrective cellulose—Nature's own mild corrective element—incorporated in them! You can't taste it. But it's there and it helps you keep healthy! And now the price is the same as ordinary breakfast foods! It costs H. J. Heinz Company much more to make Heinz Rice Flakes this way, but it costs *you* no more.

This added corrective cellulose gives Heinz Rice Flakes a gentle natural regulative effect. It acts in the same mild way as the corrective cellulose in healthful fruits and

ONE OF THE
57

vegetables! And what is even more amazing—these crisp little flakes contain a much larger percentage of corrective cellulose than most of Nature's fruits and vegetables!

Heinz—and only Heinz, remember—has made this remarkable food, so that people could get the benefits they need, in a cereal they love to eat. Start today, to see how Heinz Rice Flakes can help *you*. See for yourself how good they are. You'll enjoy them. And when you eat them regularly every day, you'll see how much they'll do for your health!

P. S.—For your children, you couldn't find a better cereal than Heinz Rice Flakes. They'll like them, from the very first spoonful—and they won't tire of them, either. So serve these good little flakes often and let the whole family know this pleasant way to daily good health!



These crisp, crunchy, golden brown flakes invite children to be vigorous and regular.

10¢



**HEINZ
RICE FLAKES**

BEST TIME

By Roe Chadwell

Wealth, Position, Power—Big Time—Roger Got Them All but Gave Them Up for Love

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Roger had worked too hard for the past few years. He had been a success in the business world, and now he was a millionaire. He had a beautiful wife, a large house, and a car. He was a success in every way. But now he was going to give it all up for love. He was going to marry a girl who was not a success in any way. She was a poor girl, and she was not a success in any way. But he was going to marry her, and he was going to give up everything for her.

He was a success in every way. He had a beautiful wife, a large house, and a car. He was a success in every way. But now he was going to give it all up for love. He was going to marry a girl who was not a success in any way. She was a poor girl, and she was not a success in any way. But he was going to marry her, and he was going to give up everything for her.



Roger, in the Father Role, Was a Refreshing Sight to His Friends.

CHAPTER XXI. Pyramiding Profits.

IN FIFTEEN MONTHS, SEVEN was a year of excitement for Roger. He had a beautiful wife, a large house, and a car. He was a success in every way. But now he was going to give it all up for love. He was going to marry a girl who was not a success in any way. She was a poor girl, and she was not a success in any way. But he was going to marry her, and he was going to give up everything for her.

He was a success in every way. He had a beautiful wife, a large house, and a car. He was a success in every way. But now he was going to give it all up for love. He was going to marry a girl who was not a success in any way. She was a poor girl, and she was not a success in any way. But he was going to marry her, and he was going to give up everything for her.

He could out of the market in small lots. Besides, it was Jerome's or Donald's move to decide to break that combine. He held his time until a block of sufficient size to swing control should be offered for sale.

younger than herself—was applauded, even lauded by less courageous spouses, and by all the men. It was the smart thing to do! And they all paraded down an ever-increasingly crowded line to the divorce courts.

There were a few tenacious women—like Mabel Starr—who did nothing but shut their eyes and ears and cling dogmatically to the name, if not the man. There were a few more like Ann whose man was not so public with his affair and left her no definite course, but merely one of her own choosing. Ann had long ago decided that there was really another woman—though she never got an inkling of whom it might be. She had, because private secretaries had attained such a high rating as willing substitutes for wives, gone to the bank once or twice purposely to get a look at the very blonde baby-doll who occupied that position in Roger's office, but had gone away feeling that Roger could hardly be interested in that kind of creature.

The Starrs met the situation like valiant banner bearers. Donald whined like a top among the eligible mistresses of Mt. Jovite, caught here by one, there by another—but never for very long. Donald was weak and the woman of the moment had the great passion of his life. Jerome was lauded fast in the halls of the blonde finches. He appeared everywhere with him, and Ruth, grinning and radiant at home, threatening to divorce him only to discover that that was exactly what Jerome wished.

which immediately decided her against it. Even Dave came out of his pre-war shell with reckless abandon to join the merry steppers, and would have been the most foolish and daring of all, had not Tiffany firmly objected.

"I could not prevent the whispers that have gone around for years," she said. "But I will not flaunt our relationship in the face of decency and respectability. No woman shall be publicly humiliated because of me."

He argued, pleaded and stormed, but Tiffany was adamant. When he became difficult, she offered another defense: "Don't you have any regard for my feelings, Dave? Do you think I want to be held up as a woman who went to play with one of our own men?"

A break between Donald and Jerome at that time, elated Starr Ruth, who had named her second child for Donald—flatly refused that light-headed beyond measure—appealed to him to talk to Jerome about his conduct, to urge him to give up the Starrs.

Donald stood up upon Jerome and Timine in their moment of triumph, with customary tactlessness and made an issue of Jerome threatened to punch his head if he did not mind his own business.

Donald proceeded to land a haymaker to Jerome's jaw. But it was a brute in strength, but no match for his brother-in-law. Starr men were gilded with brawn if not too much brains. Donald left the apartment in decidedly pulpy condition, swearing to get even with his rattle brother.

Dave, when he learned of it subtly egged them on. It was exactly what he wanted—I break up that brother clique. Their differences raised a problem for Ann, whose very home was being completed. She was giving a formal reception for its opening. The Donald-Jerome affair was most inconvenient. She settled upon a solution, which after she considered it, gave her pleasure, in that it was something new in Mt. Jovite. She enclosed an engraved guest list with each invitation. Upon Jerome and Donald rested the responsibility.

Mabel Starr and Peggy Fife when they saw the invitation.

(Continued on Page 17)

Wallflower



WE can't deny it—a pretty face gives a girl a good start towards popularity. But there's one thing even the prettiest face can't win out against—the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on a girl's person and clothing. Nothing more quickly and surely turns admiration away than this kind of unpleasantness.

And it's all the harder to forgive because it's so easy to avoid. With Mum!

A light fingerprint of this snowy deodorant cream under each arm when you dress—and you're safe for all day!

Use Mum any time. For it's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—even a sensitive skin. It's so soothing you can



Olive oil priceless beauty aid of the ages

—and it's olive oil that makes
Palmolive green

IN Cleopatra's day beauty was worshipped. And women who sought beauty sought the aid of olive and palm oils. For nothing in the realm of beauty aids has ever been found to equal those precious, soothing oils that keep skin lovely and alluring.

Today these oils are combined in Palmolive Soap, because modern science can discover no finer, milder ingredients. As a facial cleanser, the world has never found anything better. And it probably never will.

This is the beauty care experts advise
Morning and evening, wash with a smooth, rich lather of Palmolive and warm water. Work it gently into the skin of face, neck, and throat. Rinse with warm water, followed by cold. Then watch the new youth and the new loveliness and beauty of your skin.



The vial at the right shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake

IN THE By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 16)

said to each other, "She would!" Both boys came.

Starr had known that Roger was building a new home on Royal Forest Drive in Crystal Heights; he had even passed there, but it was in the heart of a wooded plot and he got no idea of its size and magnificence until, threading the trees that obscured it from the street on the night of the reception, he came upon the house in all its brilliance of artificial lighting.

Under the brightness of floodlights, discriminatingly set about the grounds, the whole looked like an exquisite tapestry. A sunken garden to the left contained in its heart, a perfect jewel of a pool—rectangular in shape, its still green waters with a tart curtain of evergreens at the far end, resembling an emerald. The entrance opened cover of its box. Bordered walks of cobblestones, silhouetted statues, lighted fountains and carved stone benches in the shadow of the great elm, gave an impression of ancestral dignity.

The house was Tudor style and had quaint elongated beamed lanterns at its formal entrance.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Big Night.

DAVE STARR was disturbed by the entrance of Ann's spacious drawing room. Amazed by the outside, he had hoped to be disappointed with the interior, but after greeting Ann and Roger and making a minute survey of its appointments, an uneasiness settled over him. Gad! It was richer than his own. As he had said something about the morning room being her pride. Morning room, indeed! Dave Starr asserted. Ann was coming out. He sauntered into that morning room, belatedly. He had as fine a place as there was in Mt. Jovite—but they had no morning room. He frowned. Ann's. He had a peevish feeling that Roger had put one over him in that morning room. He should, at least, have asked him about it! It was a symphony of color.

No one but Ann, he thought grudgingly, would dare smear colors together like that. Platinum gray walls with solid paneling of mirror above the simple designed mantelpiece reaching to the ceiling, reflecting the lighting from the candelabra chandelier; yellow-gold drapes at the French windows; yellow-gold lamps; peacock-blue satin chairs with frail platinum legs against a background of Chinese-yellow rug overcast with a dull-blue, green and black design; a basked armchair in moss-green, ash-rose and bright-blue comfortably close to the fireplace; a writing desk at one side.

That room was typical of the whole house, Starr concluded; exotic, extravagant, yet tasteful—like Ann. Uneasiness draped itself like a funeral pall over him. Where had Roger got the money to spread out like that? He strolled back into the reception room and studied him—in the receiving line with Ann and Peggy Fife. What a handsome dog the fellow was, anyway, with his blazing blue eyes and black wavy hair! One would think he had been used to receiving in a drawing room all his life. He scrutinized him with new and worried eyes. He wondered if Timothy had been throwing anything his way on the sly; it would be just like the old horse. He edged over to Timothy to sound him out.

Timothy Barnes chuckled in unholo glee at Dave's question. He had had no other thought but that Dave was behind this magnificent display. That he wasn't raised Timothy to chortle delightedly.

"He is not so dumb, Dave," he bellowed in merriment. "He seems to have had sense enough to make a hoop for himself while he was jumping through your eyes. Look out, old man, that he doesn't have you jumping through his before you know it."

That angered Dave. He turned on his heel and left Timothy. The old bull he thought malevolently. But Timothy was too powerful in political circles to be so easily opprobriated.

They were all there, Dave had to admit, as he told off Mt. Jovite's elite: The Stars—Jerome paying attention to spiteful Evelyn Brockhoven, while old bull he thought malevolently. But Timothy was too powerful in political circles to be so easily opprobriated.

"Not bad for a bird who sat in a cage day in and day out five years ago," Dave mumbled. His uneasiness grew. His immobile eyes were less immobile—they smoldered slightly—as they followed his host and hostess.

"Ann's certainly showing off tonight," he said to Jerome. "She's got it!" was Jerome's emphatic retort.

It was Ann's golden night—the goal toward which she had worked after that terrible night when she realized that she was no longer the ruling light of Roger's life. She had submerged herself in work, grimly determined to out-dick that woman. No matter who she was, Roger was bound to tire of her in time. If not, she'd see that the woman tired of his fetters. She had pitched woolly into what was at hand, a mood which exactly fitted her to carry out Mabel Starr's orders.

It was, "Ann do this," or, "Ann, I'd like this finished up immediately," always something none of the others wanted to do. Ann obeyed like an automaton at first. She was unconscious of anything but a determination to out-dick that woman. It was inevitable that her managerial ability should develop, and Mabel Starr shrewdly realized that she would have to recognize it in her own organization or cope with it in some other, for she detected a ruthlessness in Ann.

Ann's recognition of her own ability, and her resolution was born with startling suddenness during her first address to the members of the Harriet Bliss Mission from a bower of roses in Mabel Starr's drawing room.

"I shall address these same women from my own drawing room one day, but in a house grander and more tastefully furnished than Mabel's," she had resolved.

Tonight she was in that house. She walked among her guests a slim flame of silvery beauty, her slender white throat rising from the silver dress that hugged her like the folded sepals of a lily, to carry a proud head, smooth except for a cluster of curls on the nape of her neck and back of her small pink ears. She wore no ornaments.

Mabel Starr said: "Ann, will you superintend the staging of the flower show in the Spring?" To Jenny Derr in an aside, "Her taste is positively a nine-day wonder."

Peggy Fife said: "Ann, will you take charge of the booth at the Bazaar, Thanksgiving?"

Dave Starr said: "I knew Roger would do it with you by his side."

Jerome said, holding her close in the dance, "Blame Ann, you set me crazy—do you have to be so self-dread faithful to Roger?" Their words fell on heedless ears. An insistent tattoo beat across Ann's brain. She had reached her goal. She tried to wring a thrill from the weary song it sang, tried to feel flushed with triumph—delirious with success. Instead, the monotonous question marched side by side with the delicious tattoo: Now what? Now what? Roger had not come back. He had not tired.

She nodded preoccupied acceptance to Peggy Fife's and Mabel Starr's requests. She passed over Dave Starr's compliment with a contemptuous lift of her head, in all the world would she like Dave Starr, nor attempt to be civil to him. He was responsible for the estrangement that had no tangible expression between her and Roger. She ignored Jerome's passionate advances. She had become used to them; he had sought her from the first. And because Roger liked him least, she encouraged him if he thought Roger might see.

In the middle of the evening Baba was allowed to come down and bid her father and mother good-night.

Roger, in the father role, was a refreshing sight to his friends. They crowded around the two, who made an entrancing picture as Baba stood on a footstool and draped her white arms around Roger's neck. In spite of her fourteen years, Baba still had a boyish look about her, accentuated by wide, innocent eyes and long, silky curls that hung below her shoulders. Roger folded his arms affectionately about her and whispered silly nothings in her ear. As his love for Ann had waned, so it had grown for Baba. She was a strong home body.

Old, sensuous Timothy Barnes boomed: "Guess Uncle Tim'll have to have a good-night kiss, too!"

Roger clasped her closer and returned: "No kiss for the boys yet, except her daddy, are there, Baba?"

She shook her head solemnly, staring with distaste in her wide eyes at Timothy's thick, purplish stare. "Cept—" she whispered suddenly in Roger's ear, then drew back embarrassedly.

Curious, Roger walked up the stairs with her after she had bade Ann good-night.

"Cept who, honey?" he asked, cautiously.

"Cept Lloyd," she confessed shyly, clinging to him.

"Lloyd? Lloyd who?"

"Why, daddy, Lloyd Tyler, of course," she exclaimed in surprise.

Lloyd Tyler! What a fit Ann would throw over that. He could hear her yet the time Baba wanted to invite the Tyler children to a party at their Crystal Heights home, and he had gone to her in Baba's behalf.

"The Tyler kids! I suppose that's why we've shaved our heads off, if we've finally got to Crystal Heights, so Baba could meet me like Lloyd Tyler!"... It had given up.

"Where have you seen Lloyd?" he inquired.

"At the Palace Wednesday night."

Little by little he got the story. Lloyd had her that she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen and why her in the show and beggar one teeny, weeny kiss on the cheek so that he would kiss they were still sweethearts for eyes shone with rare adish happiness as

she confessed that she had let him.

"Lloyd Tyler is a nice boy, darling," he said, kissing her gently. "Did you tell Mummy?"

"Shdooen't like the Tyters," Baba answered with a pretty pout.

Roger was reflective as he went downstairs. Baba was just gnawing to really need Ann's confidences. He must have a talk with Ann. He asked her to dance. Something so wistful about the quiet joy in her eyes as she slipped into his arms wrenched his heart.

The evening was well gone when a commotion at the entrance to the reception room drew all eyes. A blonde girl, between laughs and insistent pushes was stampeding the protesting butler.

In her wake a lanky college youth tried to gain possession of her flying hands.

It was Janice Hope—as Roger had never seen her drunk; hopelessly, recklessly drunk.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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"Kitty really needs the job. I'd love to recommend her, if only..."

"Yes, I know; perspiration odor in underthings offends everybody..."

IT'S such a pity she's careless that way. Everybody perspires. We all know underthings absorb perspiration odor, but Lux takes it away so quickly. I should think every girl would Lux underthings daily.

Many employment managers stress this habit. Lux removes perspiration odor, and protects colors and fabrics. Cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali tend to wear out silk. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



LUX for Underthings
Removes odor—
Saves Colors and Fabrics

Amazing the many benefits you get from CANNED PINEAPPLE



All these values from small daily servings, Research shows

Helps You Digest Other Foods

It speeds digestion remarkably, particularly of proteins such as meats, eggs, beans.

Helps You Resist Infections

A good source of Vitamin A which, many authorities agree, protects against throat and nose infections.

Combats Nutritional Anemia

Valuable source of iron, copper and manganese—minerals essential for blood building.

Helps Protect Teeth and Bones

Contains the essential factors—phosphorus, calcium, and Vitamin C.

Stimulates Kidney Function

Actively helps the kidneys eliminate waste matter from the blood.

Promotes Growth

A good source of Vitamin B, as well as A and C.

Aids in Preventing Acidosis

Contributes effectively to the alkalinity of the blood.

★ For daily use, Canned Pineapple is recommended. Canning temperatures cause a beneficial change of dietic importance.

You have been eating it for its sheer deliciousness. Now enjoy it often. Consider what it can do for you.

All these benefits are yours from the regular eating of Canned Pineapple. They have been discovered through scientific observations of the effects of Canned Pineapple on the human system.

You get them from small daily servings—from just two slices or a Pineapple Cup of crushed or tidbits.

So start today. If you miss it at home for breakfast, get it at lunch or dinner. Hotels, restaurants and dining cars are serving both the slices and Pineapple Cup.



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How I Lived Six Years as a Man, With Men, and Fooled Everybody

(Continued from Double Page)

revelation might have upon him. It might happen that after the first shock he would understand. On the other hand, it might well be that his child mind could not grasp the truth. It would be impossible for anyone to describe to him all the circumstances which had led up to my masquerade. It would be hopeless to expect him to understand even if he could be told.

EYES GROW CLEAR AND SPARKLING

When Cared For As Movie Directors Use



It's rare that makes the eyes of movie players so alluringly clear and bright. Rare like that used by directors of Warner Bros. Pictures, Paramount, and always in the studio for use by Joan Blondell, Joan Young, Betty Daniels, Betty Davis and other famous stars. An eye specialist's formula, Murine contains ingredients (no belladonna) which quickly and safely brighten the eyes and clear up any bloodshot condition. Get a 6¢ bottle from your druggist and apply a few drops each night and morning. You'll note an immediate improvement in the way your eyes look and feel!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES CORNS

THIS IS THE MEDICALLY SAFE WAY! Stops Pain QUICK!

Be careful how you treat corns. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and the soothing, healing pads and pain in one minute and quickly rid you of corns. By removing the cause—the friction and pressure—they prevent corns and blisters; heal sore toes overnight. At all drug, diet, and shoe stores.

Added feature—supports Medicated Zino-pads—any one labeled at all on corns—any one labeled at all on corns—any one labeled at all on corns—any one labeled at all on corns.

Put one on—the pain is gone!

"My Complexion was Very Poor" writes a Resinol user

"Rings and blackheads covered my face and neck. I had been advised to try Resinol Soap and Ointment. But I had tried so many other things without success. I was disgusted with everything. A friend urged me to try Resinol Ointment. In an amazingly short time the improvement was so great I could hardly believe my own skin."

Easiest way to REMOVE HAIR

Simply apply Delatone and wipe away all superfluous hair. White, fragrant, economical. Used by millions of women for 25 years. Delatone Cream, 50¢ and \$1. Delatone Powder \$1 at drug stores. 10¢ tubes at 5¢ and 10¢. Write for free literature. Write to Delatone Industries, The Delatone Company, Dept. 16, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago 11, Ill. Also makers of Nail Deodorant. Ask your dealer.

So I was faced with this grave and all-important decision with regard to the child, whom I had so gladly brought into the world, and for whom I would have laid down my life.

I could not take the risk of telling him. There was only one way to do it. I would have to make clothes once more. I must go out into the world carrying on my deception. If there was any risk to be taken, and heaven knows it was literally surrounded by risks, I must take them myself. The die was cast.

"Where are my old clothes?" I asked, and I was informed that they were ready for me. I was also told that a little flat had been taken for me in a quiet neighborhood where I was unknown, and it had been taken in a man's name so that already my identity had been concealed. My lawyer had known the course I should take, knowing my love for the boys.

My clothes were brought in. I was left in the office to change, and very soon I had defied the clothes that had been given me on my release from prison and once more I was a "man." I braced my shoulders and in my heart took a solemn vow that, come what might, I would never desert the boy whose very life depended upon me. So far I have been able to keep that vow, but at what cost only I shall ever know.

I went to the flat which had been taken, and there followed nights and days of agonizing work. I had to be seen outside, not daring lest I should be recognized by someone and suffer exposure once more. At night time I would climb out the darkness for a little exercise.

Every knock at the door, every ring at the bell, every time the telephone bell rang, I almost believed it should be someone who had discovered my whereabouts. But my money began to dwindle, and very soon it became necessary for me to obtain work. There again it was the knowledge that I could do a man's work so well, had done it for more years than I could remember, that helped me in my decision to become a man once more. I had to provide the boy with clothes and pocket money. I had to see that he had everything a growing boy should have. So for days I scoured the columns of advertisements in the newspapers and made several applications.

One day there appeared an asking for a clerk at a West End store. I applied, and in spite of the hundreds of other applicants I was successful in getting the job. I was there for some weeks and gave every satisfaction. Then somebody—I do not know who to this day—must have recognized me, and I was summoned to the office of the manager.

"I don't expect you to work, but certain information has come to me, and I want to know whether or not you were connected with a notorious thief about a year ago?" he said. At once visions of all that exposure might mean to me flashed before me. I could see the police being called. I could see more hear the jangle of those prison keys in my ears. I lied. Lied boldly and desperately. I felt that it was the only thing to do.

"What nonsense," I replied indignantly. "You have seen my references, you have made all inquiries, you must know that it is all idle gossip. I can't help it if I happen to bear a resemblance to this unhappy woman."

It was the starkest bluff, but it worked, and I remained on for a little while until "re-organization of the staff" necessitated a number of us leaving.

That was a sad blow for me, for I was out of work for several months after that. My money had vanished by this time, and I was penniless with the exception of a little income which came from an aside for my boy's schooling and upkeep, and which, although I have many times seen starving since then, I have never once touched.

The flat was too expensive for me to keep on, and I gave it up. At certain times, through the kindness of a friend, I was able to find a little food, but for the best part of that time I was sleeping in the streets. I was in the streets, I was in the streets, I was in the streets. I was in the streets, I was in the streets, I was in the streets.

down an engine, paper a room or do some odd job, and would give me a certain number of square meals and a place to sleep in, but could not afford to pay me any money.

Sometimes I would agree provided that, if the work was satisfactory, they would give me a "bang-up" reference. As that cost them nothing, they always complied and let me dictate what was to be said.

Then by a miraculous stroke of luck I managed to obtain a situation as motor salesman and was getting along splendidly when one day the bell fell once more. Usually I had been sent out on various rounds, sometimes with the other men, sometimes alone.

On this day I was surprised when the manager said, "Oh—I want you to stay in the office today."

I stayed in, and did the work required of me, and during the morning two men were shown in. They pretended to be interested in certain cars, and all the time I was moving about the office, never for one moment suspecting that they were Scotland Yard men. Yet it was a woman customer, whose car I had at last sold, who had been in the office, and had given the tip to my employers. They being absolutely satisfied with me, but anxious to know the truth, had sent to the Yard, and two detectives had come down to verify the story.

After they had left, I was called before the manager, who told me what had happened. I was told that those detectives had behaved with the utmost generosity. They said that I was a good man, and that they had nothing against me, and they were anxious not to do any-

thing to interfere with my getting a living.

The manager told me this, and at once I said, "Well, I suppose I must resign at once." He told me not to be too hasty.

"You have given every satisfaction," he said, "and providing the director is of the same opinion, I do not see why you should not be kept on."

I had worked hard. I had taken down engines, hauled them about, done hire work, given driving lessons, and did every sort of work that has to be done in a garage.

After lunch that day I was taken before the directors. I felt my heart sinking, but was quite prepared to be told that I must leave at once. To my great amazement, however, they spoke very kindly to me, and once more they told me that I had given them every satisfaction, and that in consideration of all that I had gone through they would keep me on. The only condition was that if the knowledge should leak out to any of the men about the garage, or to any customer, they would be compelled to ask me to leave. It was a generous offer and one which I gratefully accepted.

I continued on with my work, but I put my whole heart into it, going off on long journeys for haulage work. But when first they told me I am afraid I burst into very unmanly tears. I remained there for several months. Then came the slump, and only because of this I was laid off with others.

There followed another period of unemployment, but I got another job as garage hand, doing the work of gasoline boy, washing down and greasing cars, and doing hire work when necessary. The work was terribly hard, and

in consequence I got run down, contracted bronchitis, and had to give up my job. When I recovered I got other odd jobs, and at one time was working on demolition work pulling down houses.

But this was interspersed with periods of starvation, so that it was with great joy that I received a letter from my old automobile firm offering me a job as general "useful man" at a small branch. It was on the same understanding that so long as I remained unknown it would be all right. I gladly agreed and again started out with renewed hope.

I did remarkably well, and was putting money away for the rainy day which I, however, did never come. But once more a woman, a customer, recognized me.

One day as I was cleaning a car this woman, who had perhaps seen me during my court trial, or perhaps had known me as the "Hero of Mons," remembered me. Stepping into the office, she pointed me out to the manager, and once more I was one of the "unemployed." That was in July of last year. Since that time I have been unable to get any sort of work, and have suffered all the torture of never knowing what it is to have a square meal unless at the hospitality of a friend.

It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. And you use it INSTANTLY of a cold cream; but use it just the same way. You can get it at any toilet goods counter. My own personal directions for its use come with every jar—to you'll be able to follow my exact way of rejuvenation without any trouble when you get it. Try it. It may change your whole viewpoint of life.

when I can tell him in the hope that he will understand and forgive, or that his feet are well established on the ladder of life, and I can just vanish from his knowledge for evermore.

The money The American Weekly is paying me for the narrative of my unhappy life will settle the accumulated debts I have incurred for my son's board, schooling, clothes, medical attention and leave me a little fund for the immediate future.

THE END.

Does This Picture Look Like a Woman of 60?

Edna Wallace Hopper, Who at Past Sixty Has the Skin of a Girl, Tells How She Does It.



Edna Wallace Hopper

I am past 60, yet people tell me I look like a girl. College boys often try to flirt with me. I've been booked by one big theatre to another as "The One Woman in The World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age, I enjoy the admiration and thrills of youth.

Let me tell you how I do it. Women by the thousands who have tried it say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes. It is the discovery of a great French scientist. And it acts to artificially restore the skin of youth to the fading skin of middle-age. That is, it acts to do what Nature usually fails to do when a woman passes 35 or 40. It supplies the skin with the natural oils that keep it young and free of wrinkles and age lines. With those oils in your skin, you are young. Without them, you are old. This puts back the first time you use it. Takes years away, starts to bring back the plumping charm of youth. For it instantly corrects that deficiency of Youth Cells that makes women "middle-aged."

It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's

Special Restorative Cream. And you use it INSTANTLY of a cold cream; but use it just the same way. You can get it at any toilet goods counter. My own personal directions for its use come with every jar—to you'll be able to follow my exact way of rejuvenation without any trouble when you get it. Try it. It may change your whole viewpoint of life.

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

NEW SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN...precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful are actually in this soap



These stars photographed in Hollywood are (left to right) FRANCES DEE, ADRIENNE AMES (Paramount), HELEN TWELVETRES (Paramount), LOIS WILSON, POLLY ANN YOUNG

Wonderfully soft, smooth skin—this charm is every woman's birthright! For nature has given to skin of every type—your skin, too—precious elements that keep it young, softly smooth. Then why does skin grow dull and drab—old before its time? You've probably often wondered. And now scientists explain...

The Secret of Youthful Skin
Skin, science has found, contains certain precious elements. These elements, found in youthful skin of every type, keep it fresh, smooth, attractive, help guard it when exposed to wind, dust and sun.

The gradual loss of these elements is what makes skin get old looking, dry, rough, unattractive. But scientists give this welcome and all-important message—you can now check the loss of these precious elements.

This Soap actually contains Precious Elements found in skin itself
Now scientists attest that the Lux Toilet Soap, with its complete freedom from harshness, its ready solubility and its content of precious elements is an unquestionable aid in keeping the skin young looking...so softly smooth.

Small wonder that Lux Toilet Soap is used by the screen stars, and has been for years. 666 of the 694 important Hollywood actresses are enthusiastic in their praise. And women everywhere have been proving for themselves that this fine soap actually keeps skin fresher—y younger—more attractive.

The lovely screen stars must have radiant, youthful skin. Small wonder that this fine soap has been made the official soap in all the large film studios.

A Younger Looking YOU

SCIENCE tells you that pure, soft Lux Toilet Soap actually keeps every type of skin younger looking. Skin must have to look youthful. These elements are found in the skin itself—in abundance in fresh, youthful skin, less in skin that is growing old, unlovely.

HOLLYWOOD has proved through years of daily use this soap actually keeps every type of skin younger looking. MILLIONS of women (and men) everywhere confirm Hollywood's experience. Won't YOU prove the beautifying effect this fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap can have on your skin?



"I found out the secret of keeping my skin young looking." says Mrs. J. I. Potter, of Montclair, New Jersey

"I found out the secret of keeping my skin young looking—simply by using the same soap for my skin that the Hollywood stars use...Lux Toilet Soap. I've been using this since soap for a long time. From this very beautifying my skin took on a new freshness and became wonderfully improved."

LUX TOILET SOAP

YOU can win new Beauty—BEGIN TODAY

Give the Bathroom a New Deal

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE modern bathroom is probably the most distinctively American room in the whole house. And the entire story of the evolution of household equipment could be written in the development and stepping out of the bathroom alone. Glance back at that bathroom of the gay nineties—narrow zinc tub tightly

Cuts and Burns



First Aid

Wise mothers keep a jar of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly handy for the inevitable cuts and scratches, bumps and burns which children seem to fall heir to. It's the safe, dependable treatment recommended by doctors the world over. Soothes, keeps the sore spot clean, promotes the growth of healthy tissues. Prevents scars, too. In jars and tubes.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE LOOK FOR THE TRADEMARK VASILINE WHEN YOU BUY.

If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of Chesbrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

Vaseline



Like a flash pain stops, then out comes the

Corn

Drop FREEZONE on that aching corn. Instantly it stops hurting; then shortly you lift the corn right off with the fingers. You'll laugh, really! It is so easy and doesn't hurt one bit. Works like a charm, every time.

FREEZONE Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Smooth, lustrous and supple skin is the mark of youth. It is the mark of youth. It is the mark of youth. It is the mark of youth.

Powdered Salolite

Apply Salolite on your face in the morning and at night. It will keep your skin soft and smooth.

INGROWN NAIL

PAIN STOPS! NAIL GROWS OUT AGAIN.

Don't suffer another ingrown nail. Get a 50¢ bottle of Dr. Scholl's Onixol. A few drops in the evening instantly relieve pain; quickly heal infection and inflammation; prevent infection. The nail starts growing normally and drops out. At once!

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

boxed to the floor in dark panelled wood the color of a chocolate caramel, the marbleized and meager washbowl with its shallow oilcloth covered shelf above, the pull-chain lavatory, the wooden handle-bar towel rack, the round fish-basket towel hamper!

Today, by contrast, the bathroom is often the show room of the home and the apple, as it were, of the housekeeper's eye. Shining porcelain tub, gleaming glass shelving, chrome fixtures, tiled wainscot, towels and mats selected in a harmonizing color scheme, electric gadgets for shaving and health needs—the bathroom has become a thing of beauty and a joy for every day. In the eyes of foreign people, insistence on frequent bathing in such luxurious surroundings has become synonymous with the word American.

It is sometimes the impression that practically every American home of a decent standard has running water and full bathing facilities. Nothing could be further from the truth! Recently some statistics proved that 90 per cent of farm houses, 70 per cent of village homes, and even 35 per cent of city homes have no running water or indoor sanitary toilets. For example, on an average annual income of less than \$2,000 there are only 143 bathrooms to each 1,000 homes. Indeed, a million people right in the metropolis of New York have no adequate complete home bathing facilities.

Now that hot weather is here, more home owners and families should take advantage of present low price levels and decide to give the bathroom a new deal. In addition to local dealers, the mail-order firms are doing outstanding work in bringing complete bathroom equipments to the modest home.

The house which at present affords only one bath may, with great profit, enjoy a second and even a third, especially in the home with children. Such an installation will be of the greatest help to the mother with husky youngsters whose frequent tubbings cause considerable disorder, tramping up and down, and during whose bath hour older children or guests are deprived of the use of the bathroom.

One friend occupying a large old house, but with only one bath, solved the problem by flooring across the useless open space above the front staircase as it curved to the second floor. Another broke through the wall of a sizable closet, and installed a compact bathroom outfit directly off the main bedroom. In another instance part of the dormer space was opened up, and connections made with the main bath plumbing. In other cases new baths were developed in that ideal location—the main or lower first floor of the house.

The bathroom on the first floor level has many advantages to recommend it. It avoids the need for constant tramping up and down stairs, which, in a house where there are many children, becomes a real annoyance; it permits the mother to go about her cooking or other duties while at the same time keeping an eye on the youngster at during the water polo and other gymnastics in the tub; it allows the bather to be more free and spontaneous than in the more formal upstairs bath, especially if he is aware of the fact that on the first level there can be no danger from overflow and its consequent damage to plaster or ceiling.

If a complete downstairs bath seems too costly, then at least a lavatory and hand basin on the lower level should be considered as one of the greatest single improvements which any home may boast, especially if made in connection with the main coat closet, provides an ideal guest convenience.

It not only removes the need for going up the stairs and through the more intimate rooms of the house, but allows more than one person to be enjoying washing facilities at the same time. The addition of a small toilet-table or pail-placed pot-dress stand will be welcomed in particular by women guests. (These stands may be bought in unfinished wood and easily and quickly painted with quick-drying lacquer paint.) However, why not consider the further suggestion of taking the bathroom entirely outdoors for the summer? This is not at all fantastic, but extremely practical, as I have personally proved for the last two Summers. With a numerous family and frequent guests, it is indeed in our pursuit—the question of enough bathing facilities, and especially keeping the bathroom in order, became more than perplexing.

In my own case, a space of about 8 by 10 feet was used, but even a space 4 by 6 feet would provide an adequate area, and any usual yard or garden will relinquish such a sized plot. For the walls and roof use cheap tongue-and-groove lumber painted or covered with roofing paper. Or, what is even more satisfactory, the new glass screening material which comes in flexible rolls. This glass screening is translucent and admits light, yet insures complete privacy within the room. With this screening there would be no need for windows or separate doors, since the entire surface is light-giving. Make the floors of stout slats laid parallel, end up, after the manner of the typical beach bathing house, so that water will quickly drain away and leave the floor dry.

In my bathroom I placed a large decorated kitchen sink on the floor level to be used as a sitz or foot bath, so refreshing in hot weather, or as a more convenient location for the Summer shampoo. An inexpensive shower bath outfit, with shower head costing less than \$10, was attached to one wall, with curtain, etc. A couple of old kitchen chairs, a table and several racks completed the ensemble, which was given two coats of spar outdoor paint in a neutral shade, just for good measure. Cold water was connected from the nearby garage quite easily, while hot water was achieved with equal ease by using on the cold faucet a small electric gadget which makes a small amount of very hot water instantaneously.

Since making this particular bathroom I have learned other ways in which the problem might have been worked out—a shower and bath curtain within the usual garage layout; the purchase of a mail-order "chicken-house" (don't laugh—they are excellent for this purpose), or a child's play or log cabin unit, another very happy model for the outdoor shower.

I need hardly point to the reasons for its popularity. No more need now "to be careful when you take your bath," which is always a strain on any male from the age of six to sixty. And how refreshing after a hard morning's work in the garden, or after the tennis game, or beach party with its sandy bathing suits, to take a bracing shower out-of-doors—entirely and everyone may use it without making a wreck of the indoor bath which mother, or housewife would otherwise have to clean up.

The waste from the outdoor

bath can be guided in an open tin gutter laid on the ground to whatever section of the garden will welcome it (and bath water makes things grow), while a ramble or other quick-growing vine will cover the house in record time, making for concealment and added privacy.

An approximation of this bathroom idea may be secured by buying a portable shower with accompanying tin bath pool and setting it up in any outdoor spot. Fasten the shower to a tree or clothes-pole, pack sand around the tin pool, and your kiddies will enjoy a home ocean and keep themselves and the neighbor's

children happily and healthfully amused. To return a moment to the indoor bath. If mother has difficulty in making tiny tots keep their towels and washcloths separate, try this trick which I saw in a model nursery school in Holland. Some twenty children used one room, and each child was responsible for his own washing accessories. The hooks were placed low in the wall, just where they could be reached. Above each hook was posted the picture by which each child identified his own belongings—a rabbit, a flower or a gnome, which had been cut out of some colored

page, neatly pasted on the wall and given a coat of white shellac to keep it waterproof. There was little difficulty in telling which was whose! In modernizing an old bath or tub it is often possible to have the carpenter make a wooden shelf smoothly along the rim, with a recess above to hold a few bottles, jars and other toilet requisites. A novel extension tray painted in bath colors can be bought for the same purpose, the tray extending across the tub to keep such items handy for the bather. The newest hand spray has a question mark shape, and instead of spreading the water

outward, as in the usual spray, this one focuses the water to a single given spot, as directly over the head when giving a shampoo, etc. Perhaps the last touch of luxury to the bath is the tricky bath pillow, which, by means of small suction discs on one side, will adhere or keep adjusted to the tub at any angle or in any position preferred by the bather. It is needless to add that the pillow is waterproof.

Giving the bathroom a new deal will mean genuine recreation as well as health and efficiency to all members of the family.



BROOKLYN WOMAN TELLS SECRET OF SNOWY WASH

Millions of women use Rinso—thousands have written us letters like this—one from Mrs. Viola Meyers 25 Louis Pl.

"NOBODY can tell me anything about laundry soap—I've tried them all! And I know there isn't one that can compare with Rinso. It's so economical, even a small amount gives mountains of life, active suds. Dirt flows right off by itself when clothes are soaked in them. And everything comes whiter, brighter than ever! Rinso is easy on the hands, too; it saves them from getting that red, swollen, washed-out look. I use it for dishes and all cleaning."

MRS. VIOLA MEYERS, 25 Louis Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer!

When a soap washes clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter, without scrubbing or boiling—that's something to cheer about. When that same soap actually doubles the life of clothes—makes them last 2 or 3 times longer—that's something to think about seriously! Rinso's lively suds soak dirt out. Women say they save \$100 and more on clothes—by washing them this "no-scrub" way. The home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—the

makers of 40 famous washers—recommend Rinso. It's safe for the finest cottons and linens, white or colors. It's wonderful for dishes and all cleaning—so easy on the hands. Given twice as much suds, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps.

YES, LOVE WHITER

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

I'M WORRIED TO DEATH ABOUT GEORGE. HE'S TERRIBLY RUN DOWN AND JUST PICKS AT HIS MEALS. I WISH I KNEW WHAT TO DO!

"YOUR BOY WON'T EAT? Well—let me tell you about my son George"



SORRY, PHIL! I'M ALL IN ALREADY

AW, COME ON, GEORGE—LET'S PLAY ANOTHER SET!

BOY, WHAT A MATCH! IT'S THE FIFTH SET, TOO!

DR. VALAGUSSA, famous physician to Italian Royalty, declares—

"YEAST IS EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE IN CASES OF CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, POOR ENERGY"

DO SAY ALL E HAS TO DO IS EAT REICHSMANN'S YEAST

YES—HIS TROUBLES SIMPLY CONSTIPATION—A CLOGGED CONDITION—HERE FRESH YEAST WILL REGULATE HIM AND BRING BACK HIS APPETITE AND ENERGY

AND GEORGE LOOKS AS FRESH AS PHIL. THAT YEAST I'VE BEEN GIVING HIM CERTAINLY HAS BUILT HIM UP WONDERFULLY!

Eating Fleischmann's Yeast corrects poor elimination by strengthening the intestinal "Food Digestor" better. Peristalsis. Just eat 3 cakes every day. Directions are on label. Will you start now!

DR. VALAGUSSA, famous physician to Italian Royalty, declares—

YEAST IS EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE IN CASES OF CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, POOR ENERGY

Eating Fleischmann's Yeast corrects poor elimination by strengthening the intestinal "Food Digestor" better. Peristalsis. Just eat 3 cakes every day. Directions are on label. Will you start now!

FLIECHSMANN'S YEAST for Health

These Shades
are Admired on
Park Avenue...

Yet
the
Price is
Only
10c
Each

... not because they're cheap, but because they are durable, handsome, and come in colors and patterns you simply can't get in old-style shades costing 10 times as much. Made of the patented creped Clorox shade fabric that does not wrinkle, crease or curl. Full size Clorox Shades, all styles, only 10c at 5c and 10c stores everywhere.

Send 5c stamp to Clorox Corporation, 1263 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio, for actual swatches of 10 latest shade patterns and colors.

Satisfying the
requirements of
Physicians



PYREX Nursing Bottles were made to satisfy the requirements of doctors. Practically immune to breakage, these bottles insure uninterrupted feeding schedules and positive sterilization. Situated on the outside... rounded on the inside. Two sizes... 8-oz., narrow neck or wide mouth, 25¢; new 4-oz., narrow neck, 15¢.

PYREX NURSING BOTTLES BIRD MANNA

MAKES CANARIES SING
Resonates their throat and feathers and keeps them fit. This is the original bird food of the century... the only bird food that is both a tonic and a restorative. It has been the most profitable bird specific for more than 50 years.

Philadelphia Bird Food Co.
400 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The DIVING-VANCE Company Ltd.
909 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Children Need Cuticura

To keep skin and scalp clean and healthy, and to lay the foundation for skin health in later life. The Soap protects as well as cleanses, the Ointment soothes and heals rashes, itching and irritations.

Boyd St. Ointment 25c
Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

REVERSIBLE DUSTERS

The greatest dusting value... makes dusting easy... easy to shake... Perfect for... 1st FOR 25c

O-Cedar POLISH

Polish SUBSTITUTES... 1st FOR 25c

ON SALE WHEREVER HOME WARES ARE SOLD

Tasty Sandwich Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann.
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

General Rules for Sandwiches.

BREAD should be at least 24 hours old. White, graham or Boston brown bread may be used. Two kinds are frequently used in the same sandwich. Slice as thin as possible, removing the

crust if for a dainty luncheon or tea. Leave crust on the bread if preparing the sandwiches for a more substantial lunch. To give variety bread may be cut in fancy shapes with sandwich cutters. The center may be removed from the white or brown bread sandwich with any cutter or a sharp knife and the hole

filled in with a little piece of bread of contrasting color. Always cream the butter until perfectly smooth. Wrap sandwiches in paraffin paper if for picnic or basket lunch. Save crusts of bread. Dry and grate for fine crumbs. For croquettes, bread crumbs, etc. Chop or grind meat or chicken or press hard

cooked eggs through potato ricer if for dainty sandwiches.

Sandwich Loaf.

BEAT cream or cottage cheese and season as for salad. Remove crusts from loaf of bread, at least 24 hours old. Cut in slices, lengthwise. Put together and cover top and sides with the cheese. Decorate with narrow shreds of green pepper or sliced stuffed olives or cheese rounds.

Pinwheel Sandwiches.

REMOVE crusts from loaf of sandwich bread. Cut in thin slices lengthwise. Spread with any creamed cheese mixture. Roll tightly and place in ice box for several hours. Slice and garnish center of each slice with a sprig of parsley or watercress.

Halibut and Radish Sandwiches (By Request).

FLAKE 1 cup of cold left-over halibut and add ½ cup finely shredded radishes. Sprinkle with ¼ teaspoon salt and a little paprika and moisten with 6 tablespoons well seasoned mayonnaise. Spread thin slices of bread with well creamed butter. Put together with halibut filling. Arrange on platter and garnish with watercress and radish roses.

Camp Fire Sandwiches (By Request).

PASS cold roast beef through food chopper. Measure and mix with an equal quantity of sliced boiled potato, 1 teaspoon minced onion or 1 teaspoon onion juice and finely chopped olives or pickle. Moisten with plain, French, cooked or mayonnaise dressing. Spread between buttered slices of sandwich bread.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit Cold Roast Eggs Milk Toasted Coffee Luncheon Cold Salad Dinner Roast Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Dessert Fruit	Breakfast Fruit Cauliflower Butter Milk Luncheon Eggs Toasted Coffee Dinner Roast Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Dessert Fruit	Breakfast Fruit Cauliflower Butter Milk Luncheon Eggs Toasted Coffee Dinner Roast Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Dessert Fruit	Breakfast Fruit Cauliflower Butter Milk Luncheon Eggs Toasted Coffee Dinner Roast Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Dessert Fruit	Breakfast Fruit Cauliflower Butter Milk Luncheon Eggs Toasted Coffee Dinner Roast Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Dessert Fruit	Breakfast Fruit Cauliflower Butter Milk Luncheon Eggs Toasted Coffee Dinner Roast Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Dessert Fruit	Breakfast Fruit Cauliflower Butter Milk Luncheon Eggs Toasted Coffee Dinner Roast Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Dessert Fruit

American Weekly Patterns

also hints to the Home Dressmaker, send 10 cents in coin to American Weekly Patterns, 11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.



7300 A PRACTICAL, COMFORTABLE APRON (7300). Designed in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46. Size medium will require 2½ yards of 35-inch or wider material.

7301 A COOL AND BEACH GARMENT FOR LITTLE GIRLS (7301). Designed in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 3 will require 1½ yards of 32-inch material for hat and rompers, with 6 yards of bias piping or binding 1½ inches wide.

7302 A PRETTY FROCK FOR SCHOOL OR HOME (7302). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 10 will require 1½ yards of 35-inch material, together with ¾ yard of contrasting material.



Try this delicious cereal for tomorrow morning's breakfast... It does you good!

DELICIOUS, yes! But there is a far more important reason for serving Post's Bran Flakes every day. And that is, the protection it gives you against constipation that comes from lack of bulk in the diet. An often unsuspected condition which may result in headaches, listlessness and "run-down" health long before innocent sufferers realize their cause!

It "Regulates" Safely
Post's Bran Flakes helps to guard you against this trouble by providing the bulk your system needs—bulk that so many diets lack. Thus it helps to insure normal, regular elimination of food wastes. It is also rich in phosphorus, iron and Vitamin B—a builder of appetite.

So, naturally, adults and children alike are urged to include Post's Bran Flakes regularly in this proven program: Outdoor exercise... water to drink between meals... fresh fruits and vegetables in the diet. And a generous helping of crisp, delicious Post's Bran Flakes every day of the week!

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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